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ABSTRACT

Written for both American Indian and non-Indian school children, the purpose of this book is to present a picture of the varied ways of life on the Navajo Reservation in 1970. Facts relating to health, education, employment, and living conditions are presented from the viewpoint of Denny Lincoln, a 12 year old orphan who is placed in a Navajo home. Included in this text are: some American Indian songs; a list of Navajo clans; a kinship and clan chart; an English glossary; a Navajo glossary (the story includes many Navajo words); maps of the Reservation; and a teacher's manual which includes the sound system in the Navajo language, suggested related activities, a discussion of Chaco Canyon re: a field trip, Navajo games, Navajo records, craft ideas, and directions for craft and art activities to be used in conjunction with this text. The 17 chapters include discussion of such activities as sheep dipping, rodeos; a rug auction, a trip to the hospital, the Navajo Fair, and school. Discussion questions are provided at the end of each chapter. For example, Chapter 16 deals with finding Joe Charlie lying in the middle of the street dead drunk and subsequently getting him to the hospital; the questions following this chapter are: Why do you think Joe was becoming an alcoholic? What did Mr. Smithson tell the Charlie family? What is the "antibuse test"? What courses does the ONEO offer? How was Joe going to be helped? (JC)

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SO MANY KINDS OF NAVAJOS

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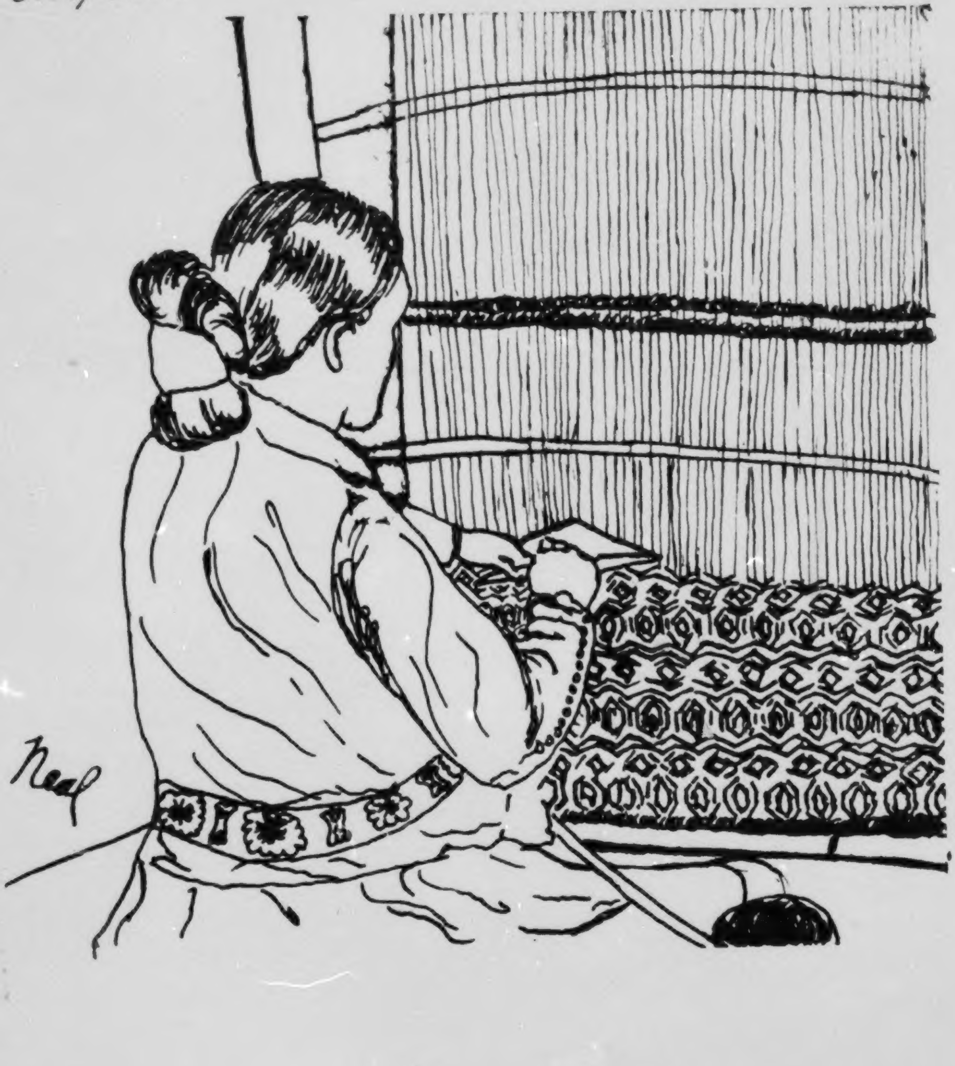

So Many Kinds of Navajos

by Dr. Ruth Underhill

Gallup-McKinley County Schools

First Printing

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Second Printing, 1974

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this book is to give some idea of the varied ways of life on the Navajo Reservation in 1970. It is meant for school children, both Indian and non-Indian. Therefore, the facts about health, education, employment and living conditions are given in story form as seen through a child's eyes. The author's long acquaintance with the reservation was brought up to date by visits and interviews in the area between October, 1969, and June, 1970. For these visits, Mrs. Gloria Carnal of the Administration Office, Gallup-McKinley County Schools, was a charming and efficient organizer and guide. Teachers and officials of all services were generous with their time and information.

Among these, I might mention especially Dr. Ogdon and his staff, of the U. S. Public Health Service, Gallup; Mr. & Mrs. William Hall at Crownpoint where Mr. Hall is teaching at the high school; Mrs. Editha Watson, Mr. Lee Correll, and Mr. Sam Day, Jr., of the tribal office of Parks and Recreation at Window Rock; the faculty of the government high school at Fort Wingate; and Mr. & Mrs. M. E. Fairchilds who are both employed by the Gallup School System.

The story form does not allow a complete cataloging of conditions, so, much is necessarily left for discussion and amplification by the teacher. A selected group of teachers took responsibility for planning such material, also arranging for activities and photographs. Members of this committee met with the author once a month to supply feedback, criticism, and suggestions. They then formed sub-committees for the production of a teacher's manual.* A small editorial group edited the manuscript and finalized the teachers manual.*

RUTH M. UNDERHILL

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*For listings of these groups, see Acknowledgements.

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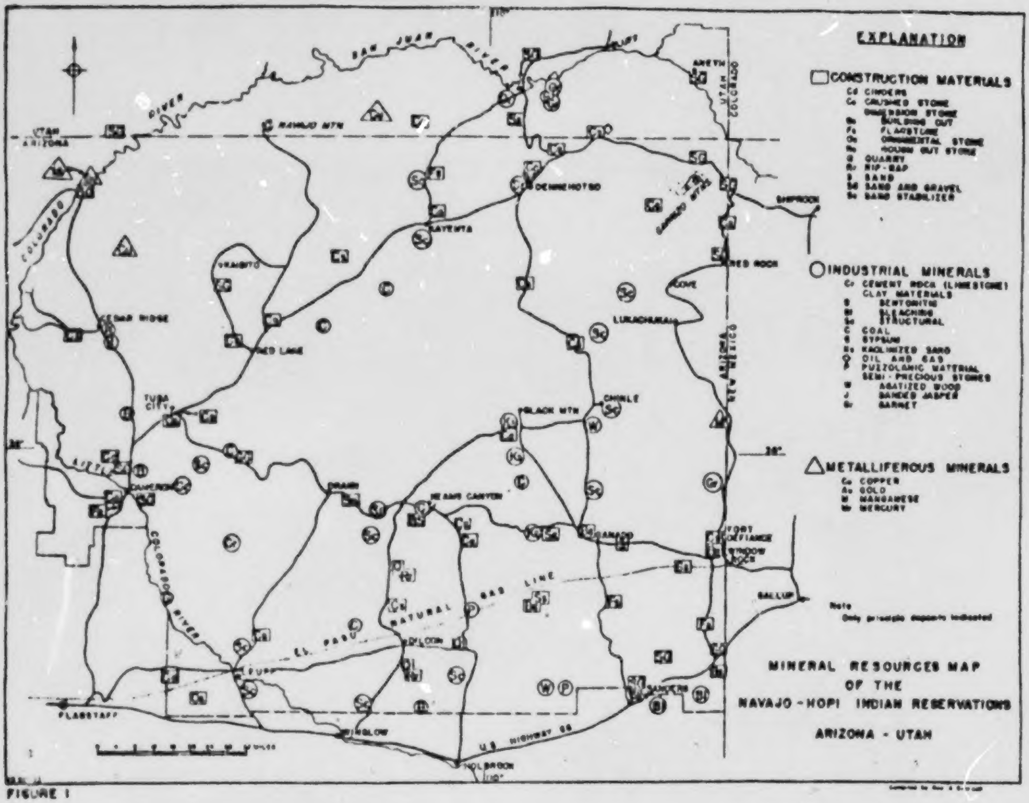
EXPLANATION
CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS
Cd CINDERS
Cs CRUSHED STONE
DIMENSION STONE
Bc BUILDING CUT
Fs FLAGSTONE
Os ORNAMENTAL STONE
Rs ROUGH CUT STONE
Q QUARRY
Rr RIP-RAP
S SAND
Sd SAND AND GRAVEL
Ss SAND STABILIZER
INDUSTRIAL MINERALS
Cr CEMENT ROCK (LIMESTONE)
CLAY MATERIALS
B BENTONITIC
Bl BLEACHING
Sc STRUCTURAL
C COAL
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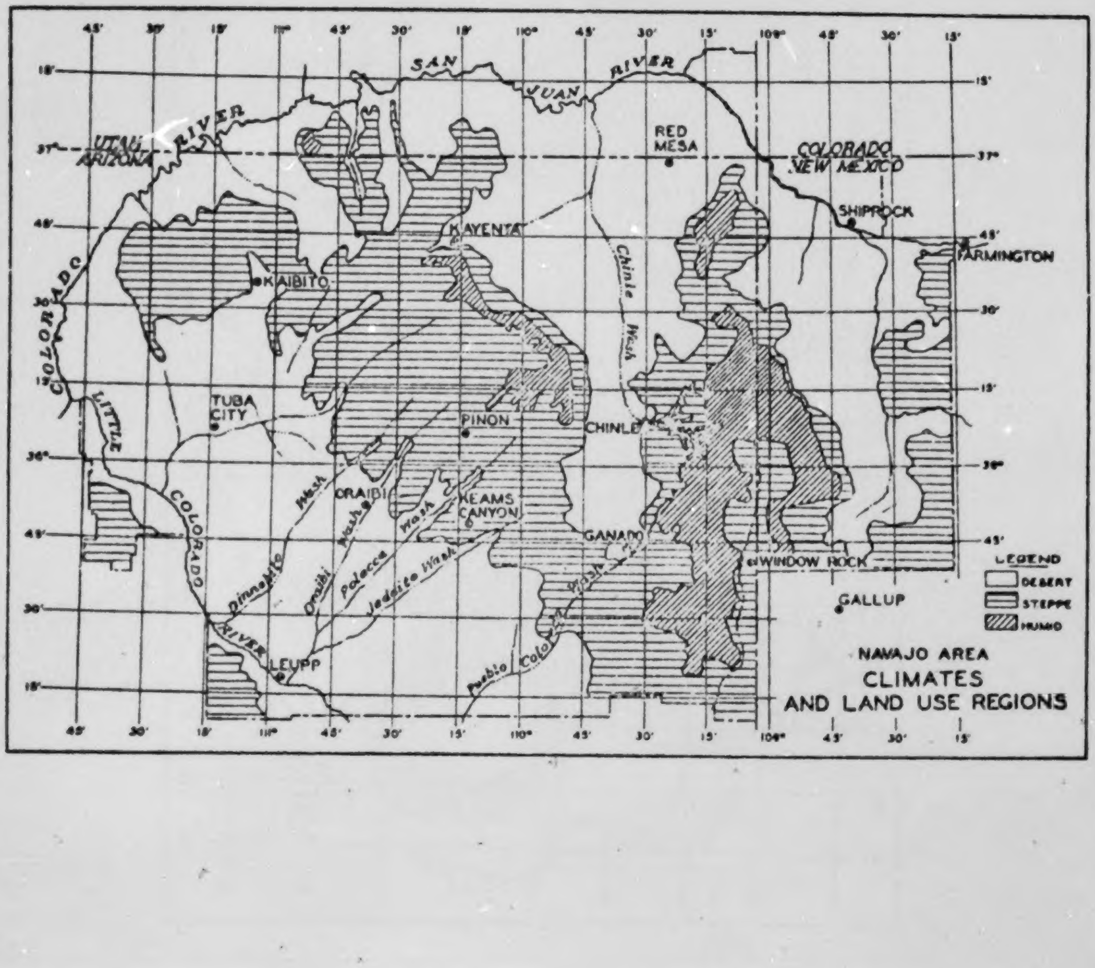
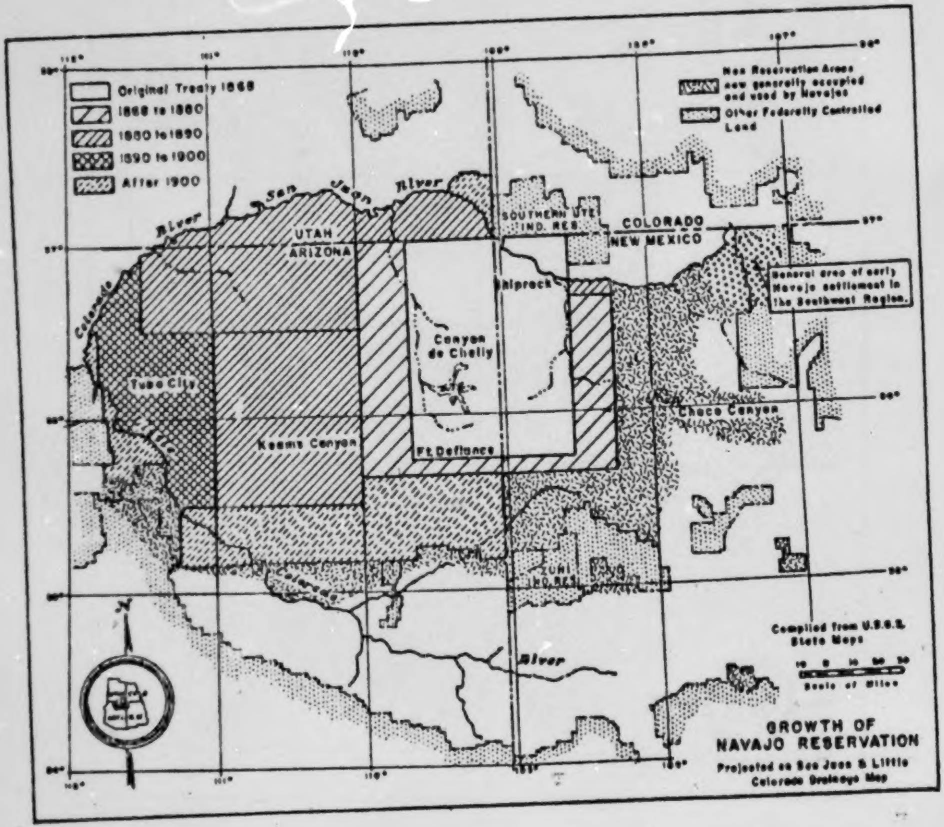
OIL AND GAS
P PUZZOLANIC MATERIAL
SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES
W AGATIZED WOOD
J BANDED JASPER
Gr GARNET
METALLIFEROUS MINERALS
Cu COPPER
Au GOLD
M MANGANESE
Mr MERCURY
Note
Only principle deposits indicated
MINERAL RESOURCES MAP
OF THE
NAVAJO-HOPI INDIAN RESERVATIONS
ARIZONA - UTAH
SAN JUAN RIVER
NAVAJO MTN
UTAH
ARIZONA
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
ANETH
SHIPROCK
KAYENTA
DENNEHOTSO
CARRIZO MTS
RED ROCK
COVE
LUKACHUKAI
CEDAR RIDGE
RED LAKE
TUBA CITY
BLACK MTN
CHINLE
CAMERON
GANADO
KEAMS CANYON
FORT DEFIANCE
WINDOW ROCK
GALLUP
EL PASO NATURAL GAS LINE
COLORADO RIVER
LEUPP
FLAGSTAFF
WINSLOW
HOLBROOK
U.S. HIGHWAY 66
SANDERS
110°
36°

FIGURE I



NAVAJO AREA
CLIMATES
AND LAND USE REGIONS

SAN JUAN RIVER
UTAH
ARIZONA
RIVER
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
RED MESA
SHIPROCK
FARMINGTON
KAYENTA
KAIBITO
Chinle Wash
COLORADO
TUBA CITY
LITTLE
PINON
CHINLE
ORAIBI
KEAMS CANYON
GANADO
WINDOW ROCK
GALLUP
COLORADO
RIVER
Dinnebito Wash
Oraibi Wash
Polacca Wash
Jeddito Wash
Pueblo Colorado Wash
LEUPP
LEGEND
DESERT
STEPPE
HUMID
45'
30'
15'
111°
110°
109°
37°
36°


Original Treaty 1868
1868 to 1880
1880 to 1890
1890 to 1900
After 1900
Non Reservation Areas now generally occupied and used by Navajos
Other Federally Controlled Land
San Juan River
Colorado River
UTAH
ARIZONA
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
SOUTHERN UTE IND. RES.
Shiprock
Canyon de Chelly
Tuba City
Keams Canyon
Ft. Defiance
Chaco Canyon
ZUNI IND. RES.
General area of early Navajo settlement in the Southwest Region.
River
N
Compiled from U.S.G.S. State Maps
Scale of Miles
GROWTH OF NAVAJO RESERVATION
Projected on San Juan & Little Colorado Drainage Map

Navajo Words:

Diné - People
hogan - Navajo home, usually octagon shaped

Denny Lincoln was twelve years old when they told him he could leave the Children's Home for good and go to live with a family. Most children went away when they were quite little and Denny, too, had been sent out once or twice. It never worked. He could not go to the country as the others did, for he needed weekly visits to the big city hospital. And he had to have special food which most families found a bother. So, after being out for a while, he always came back to the Home. Now he was the oldest boy there.

"He's a bright boy," said the matron of the Home. "It's time he went to school regularly."

She was talking to the lady visitor who found homes for children, and Denny was listening.

"Yes," said the visitor. "But it's hard to find a suitable place. If we only knew who he was!"

The trouble was that no one knew who Denny was, not even Denny. Years ago, he had been brought to the big hospital in this same city. He had come from a plane wreck where almost everybody was killed. Some of those lost people must have belonged to him, perhaps his father and mother. There was no one to tell about it, for the few people rescued said they did not know the little boy. Just one woman had talked to him while the plane was still going smoothly.

p. 1 blank

She had asked his name and she thought he said Dinny or Denny. She couldn't understand anything else he said and then came the wreck. A rescue party took the survivors to hospitals. Among them was a little boy, with black hair and big dark eyes. His legs were very badly burned and he could not talk at all.

So the hospital people called him Denny. They found the burns were very serious and needed skin grafting. It was a long drawn out process, very painful, and things kept going wrong, so that it had to be done over and over. Between times, Denny could sit up and he began to talk again.

"Where did you come from dear?" the nurse asked him.

Denny smiled and just looked at her.

"What is your father's name?"

He smiled again. He would have been glad to tell her but he had no idea.

A special doctor came. He talked with Denny a long time and asked questions which were supposed to bring back memory. Denny still could not remember anything that happened before he woke up in the hospital.

"His mind is all right, though," the special doctor said. "He had a bad shock and he may go on for years, not remembering. Then something may happen to bring it all back. Meantime, just get him well and start him learning something new."

So they gave Denny picture books and let him watch television.

Especially he liked the films about Indians galloping on horses or creeping along trails. They did not even sleep in beds, someone told him. Just on the ground under the stars. Denny looked at the beds all around him in the hospital and thought Indians must be the happiest people in the world.

At last, the worst skin grafting was over.

"Find a place for this boy, he needs a home," the doctor said. "If they'll take him in that nearby Children's Home, he can come for treatment once a week. And he can have lessons and play with other children."

The Home would take Denny but they asked for his full name. No one had thought about that, so the nurses decided on Lincoln.

"It's a good American name," they told Denny. "And something for you to live up to."

Denny went to the big, four-story building with its dormitory and play room. He could not play much just yet, but the playroom had quite a library of children's books. Denny learned to read almost before he knew it and he went through that library like a puff of wind across a rain puddle. There were lessons, too, but Denny found it hard to keep up with them. He lost too many days because of hospital treatments.

It was better, he decided, to read the school books for himself and drop them when they got uninteresting. Arithmetic was dropped, but American History he found wonderful. At least parts of it, especially the Indian wars. Denny borrowed books from the lady visitors and sometimes they brought him new ones. Then he lived with a family for a while and got more. He went to school for a little while, too, but it seemed he always caught a class in the middle. And no one had time to answer his questions.

He got along better at the hospital. Usually he had to wait for the doctor. While waiting he would look at the other sick people and try to guess what their troubles were.

The doctors knew him well by now. They had told him all about his burns and how they were treated. They saw he was interested, so they talked about the human body and what could happen to it while they were putting on dressings. They even let him ask questions. After one of his questions, the youngest doctor slapped him on the back, where it would not hurt, and said:

"That's a sensible question, Denny. Maybe you'll be a doctor yourself one day."

That would have made Denny happy except for what the doctor said next.

"You really need not come here any more. Once a month will be enough for a time...just to see if those scars are all right. Any clinic will do."

The doctor told that to the matron and the matron told it to the visitor who looked up homes for children. They were talking right in the playroom where the visitor had brought Denny a book.

"He ought to have exercise and sunshine," said the matron. "But our country here is so rainy."

The lady nodded. "My church would pay for him to go to a good sunny place. But we must find the right family this time." She saw Denny listening and patted his black head. "With his hair and his dark eyes, I wonder if he could be Italian."

"Or Japanese," said the matron thoughtfully. "Or Spanish."

Denny hoped he did not belong to any of those nationalities. They sounded very foreign.

Then, one day, a new visitor came to the Home. She looked hard at Denny and asked, "Why not Indian?"

Everyone was excited. No Indian people lived near this city and very few came there. The visitor went on:

"I've been quite often in the southwest. There are many different Indian peoples in that part of the country, but to me, Denny looks Navajo. Denny, do you know that Diné means 'people' in Navajo?"

When he heard the word, Denny thought that something clicked in his mind.

"Navajos!" he said excitedly. "They're Indians."

"Yes, dear. In the southwest. It's a beautiful country, with lots of sun."

"Just the thing for him!" exclaimed the matron. "But - the Home couldn't afford to send a child so far."

Denny's heart sank. He knew people must save money and not spend it for things they could not afford. They often talked about that at the Home. Just the same, he began hunting for books about the Navajos. People in this eastern city did not know much about the southwest and all he could find was a magazine article, with colored pictures. It showed a little round house, with a man and woman in front of it. The woman had a long skirt and they both wore shiny necklaces. Even in this picture, you could see that their faces were peaceful. Behind them was the blue sky - lots of it. The print said the house was a hogan, the people were wearing velvet blouses and their necklaces were of silver and turquoise, which the man had made. Denny looked and looked at that picture. How cozy it must be inside that hogan, where there were no long corridors and no dormitory of thirty beds.

"I don't suppose they're like that now," said the matron, looking over his shoulder.

But the blue sky must be there, thought Denny. And maybe they still looked peaceful. Then he calculated to himself. "In four years I will be sixteen. Then I will get a job and I will go to the Navajo even if the Home can't---."

But a miracle happened. The visitor who had been to the Southwest came back with a friend. The friend, too, worked at finding homes for children, but in the southwest. She had become interested in the Navajos and she knew one very fine family. They had lost a child about Denny's age.

"Would they want a child from so far away?" asked the matron.

Denny started out of the room. He could not bear to hear all the reasons why it could not be.

"Wait, dear," said the visitor. She went on, "This is a special case. It seems they have a daughter who is planning to be a secretary."

A secretary! That word burst out at Denny. He had never thought of Indians as secretaries.

"Don't they have schools?" he asked the matron.

"The girl and the little boy go to school and so would the child we send. But it seems this family speaks Navajo in the home. The girl wants to practice good English, more than the school can give. She is begging her family to take in a girl -."

"A girl!" Denny's voice was a gasp. He had really begun to hope.

"Well, our church knows of no girl of just the right kind. And I thought, Denny, with all your reading -."

"I could really *stay* with Navajos?"

The visitor laughed at the strange way Denny's voice sounded.

"For a year, anyway," she said. "The church would pay your way that long. To see if it worked."

Denny could not speak. He just stood breathing hard as if those scarred legs of his had been running for miles.

Chapter Questions

1. How was Denny's life different from yours? Why? How was it similar?
2. Why did the visitor think Denny might be Indian?
3. How did Denny feel about it?
4. Why might the Indian family be willing to accept Denny?

Navajo Words:

Yá'át'ééh - hello, hi
nik'is - your friend
nitsilí - your younger brother
shitsilí - my younger brother
shádí - my older sister
shínaaí - my older brother
shiye' - my son
shimá - my mother
shizhé'é - my father

The Home arranged for Denny to travel by plane, since amnesia had blotted out all memory of the tragic plane wreck which had brought him there. It was a long trip with two changes, but people met him at each stop. Most of the time, Denny sat holding the baggage check which, he had been told, he must have ready when he landed. Finally, it was afternoon and the stewardess told him he would soon be getting off. They were coming to Gallup, New Mexico. Denny was sitting by a window. All the way people had been good to him and given him the window seat. Now he looked out and saw rolling brown land with hills in the distance. There was a long wall like a piece of pink tape, crumpled and standing on its edge. Was it a line of houses? No. Rocks.

Denny wanted to put his head through that window to stare and stare. In the hospital country, the land had seemed all trees. There was never any soft color like this.

"Oh, I hope this is my country," thought Denny. "Suppose they find out I am not a Navajo! But I must be! I will be!"

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The plane landed. People crowded out the door.

"Go slowly," the hostess told Denny as he started down the steps.

He had nearly fallen in his excitement. In fact, he did fall right into the arms of a big man who caught him, laughing.

Denny was too close to see, but he could feel that there was no silver necklace here. And no velvet. He pulled back and saw a blue workshirt such as people wore in the city.

"Yá'át'ééh!" said the big man. He saw Denny's puzzled look and added, "I mean Hi! Hello!"

"How do you do," said Denny, as they had taught him at the Home. The big man laughed, but not loud. His voice was low and gentle.

"Won't do here, son. I'm Hoskie Charlie, your friend. 'Your friend' is 'nik'is' in our language."

"Are you really Indian? Navajo?"

"Sure. And so are you. I can tell by looking at you."

Denny had never heard anything so wonderful in his life. Did he really look like a Navajo? Could he be one?

Hoskie Charlie took the baggage check from Denny's hand and, as he was turning away, called out:

"Here's someone to look after you while I get the stuff, nitsilí. You call him shitsilí."

Denny had no idea what *nitsilí* or *shitsilí* meant. He looked around for that girl who had wanted a sister and was going to be disappointed. A voice by his elbow said:

"Hey! I'm Eddie."

Denny stared. This was no sister. This was a boy about nine years old, wearing clothes as modern as any he had seen in the city. He was standing with legs apart, as though this airport was his own private yard. And he was laughing at Denny's puzzled look.

"I'm *nitsilí*," he said. "That means 'your younger brother'. And you're *shínaaí*. That's 'my older brother'!"

So they were going to take him into the family! Denny could hardly speak for excitement. Eddie went on talking fast and Denny, at first, could not understand a word. Then he thought it was English, but not the English he had learned at the Home. Was that why they wanted him in the family?

Eddie did not act as if he thought the new boy could teach him anything. He shouted at last, as if he thought Denny were deaf:

"What grade you in?"

"Grade?"

"Yeah. At school."

"Oh! I don't know."

Now it was Eddie's turn to stare. He was much shorter than

Denny who had shot up in the last two years. But he was solid. He did not look like those crouching hunters of the school book pictures but more like a football player.

Denny said meekly: "We didn't have grades where I was."

"Huh! Play basketball?"

"Not yet. I'd like to, though."

Eddie looked as surprised as though he had heard that Denny could not walk yet.

Denny decided that his reading about bows and arrows and trail finders was not going to help with this younger brother. Perhaps Eddie would be harder to please than the sister he had worried about. But they were both going to be satisfied. Denny had made up his mind on that point. Now that he had a family, he was not going to give it up.

"Huh!" grunted Eddie again. "Well, come on! Truck's over there."

Denny looked around now, for the first time. They were in a big paved square. He had expected there would be lounging Indians in blankets, or at least, there would be cowboys and horses hitched to a rail. There was nothing like that. There were no horses at all. Instead, there were cars of different colors, and, in the distance, a big red truck.

"My dad's head of a road crew," said Eddie.

"Road crew? Making trails?"

"Where do you think you are?" snorted the younger brother. "Navajo Reservation has lots of paved roads. And we need more. I'm going to work on one next summer."

This was so unlike what Denny had expected that he could not say any more. He walked with Eddie to the truck, which was piled with crates and canvas bags. In the cab sat Hoskie Charlie. He reached down and pulled Denny up as if he knew all about scarred legs which got tired.

Then Eddie seemed to fly up over the wheel and they were off. Denny had been told that he would be living in a house. Still he had supposed there would be some sort of Indian encampment around, maybe a few hogans, or even tents. And, of course, galloping horses. But he saw only streets and houses and stores. He was almost afraid to ask questions of Eddie who seemed to know so much. Finally, though, he could not hold in.

"Do you - do we live here?" he asked shyly.

"In Gallup? Are you kidding? We live in a swell new town called Kintah. Not so big as Gallup, but we gotta school, store, bank, church, 'n gas station."

"Is Kintah far from here?"

"Back in the good country. Rocks. Hills."

"Hogans?"

"Boy! Not in Kintah. It's a new town. Water, lights. You'll see."

They had reached the country outside of Gallup. Beside them rolled fields of brown grass and sometimes there was a house or two. The walls of the houses were of planks and sometimes tar paper. Always there were television antennas rising from the roof. Denny knew what these were. The Home had received the gift of an old set and the children had been told to be careful with it. It was expensive.

Eddie saw him looking and laughed.

"Sure, we got TV," he said. "Don't you think Diné wanna know what happens in the world?"

They passed a gas station, then more fields.

"No horses?" ventured Denny.

"Horses," snorted Eddie. "Where you been? Round here, we got cars."

"But the books -."

"Books! Huh! In good land like this, some day there'll be a factory. Employ lots of us People. Who'd waste it on horses?"

Denny looked so dazed that Hoskie Charlie turned toward Eddie. Denny thought how, at the Home, there would have been a sharp command: "Keep still, child! You talk too much!"

Hoskie Charlie only said gently, looking at Eddie: "My son, shiye', talks a lot."

Eddie said no more. Hoskie Charlie said to Denny, "Once

Navajos rode horses all the time. Now we have a better way to get around." He pointed at the red truck. "You see? People got to change."

"No horses?" Denny dared to ask. "No sheep?"

"Sure. In the country where they got no towns yet."

Denny wanted to say "Thank you, Father," but he did not dare. Perhaps they would all get tired of his foolish questions. Eddie seemed to be tired already. And what about the girl, the girl who was the real reason for his coming? He must be very careful just to look at things and not keep asking her about them.

They got to Kintah after dark. From a distance Denny could see its lights. They were not scattered red glows, such as come from campfires, but rows of bright windows. Kintah was a town of houses. The car rolled down a paved road and stopped. Eddie jumped out shouting and a door opened. Denny had been told that he would live in a house, not a hogan, but he had not expected these cement walls, this green painted door, this hallway lighted by an electric bulb. He saw all those things as he climbed stiffly down from the truck. Then, somehow, he got through the hallway into a room full of people.

"Our kitchen," said Eddie, as if he were saying, "The City Hall."

The kitchen was nothing like the one at the Home, a great gray place with slate covered tables. It was a comfortable size, with pink walls, a white stove, sink and refrigerator. Yes, he recognized all those things but he had never seen them so new and shining. In front of him was a table with a red cloth and beside it stood a woman, holding a steaming dish. She had a brown, gentle face, with hair pulled straight back - and - yes - her skirt came down to her feet.

"Yá'át'ééh," said the woman.

"Mama doesn't talk much English," said Eddie, "but she understands when you talk. She said hello. So you say it back."

"Hello," said Denny shyly. "Mrs. - "

"Mrs. Hoskie Charlie," said Eddie with a big laugh. "Only our people call her Little Woman. Can't you see she's little?"

"I see," said Denny. "Mrs. Little - "

The woman spoke softly in that beautiful language Denny was going to learn, and Eddie translated.

"She says you must call her ma. That means mother."

"It does in English, too. Ma."

"But you gotta say my ma," said Eddie. "She's not everybody's ma. She's yours, shimá."

That sounded beautiful to Denny. He saw that Ma was smiling at him and nodding. He kept saying over to himself, shimá. My mother. Children had not said that in the families where he stayed. This was something out of a world where families lived close together, in their hogans or teepees. Even when they moved out into houses, they brought this warm feeling of belonging together.

Ma spoke again and Eddie translated, "She say go and wash."

How often Denny had heard that command. He knew all about washing before meals and he had wondered what Indians did about it. The books never told. Eddie pulled him out through the hall and into - a bathroom.

It was a bathroom like that in the grandest of homes where Denny had stayed. All the proper pieces were there, new and shining white. Checkered linoleum was on the floor, and colored towels on the rack.

"Shizhê'é - that means 'my father' - put this bathroom in right after the house was built," said Eddie. "But the washing machine for clothes, in the other room, that's new."

"A washing machine!"

"Yep. Most of the ladies around here go to the laundromat. Shimá got tired of that. And Daisy says this works out cheaper."

"Daisy?"

That must be the sister he would need to please. Denny washed his hands very carefully in case she should look at them. But back in the kitchen there was no Daisy.

"Shádí - my older sister, is out," grinned Eddie. "Out almost every night. But you'll see her in the morning."

That sounded a little frightening, but the kitchen smelled very good indeed. Hoskie Charlie had come back from putting the truck away and he and Little Woman were sitting at the table.

"Come on, shiye'," said Hoskie. Denny had a family.

After dinner, Eddie led him into a neat little bedroom with white iron beds, colored bedspreads and colored rugs. He was surprised. "Don't some Indians sleep on the floor?" he asked.

"Oh, some, out in the hogans. I guess my dad did when he was young, but you know, we've changed."

Too tired to ask any more questions, in no time Denny was in bed and asleep.

Chapter Questions

1. What kind of person was Eddie? Hoskie Charlie? Little Woman?
2. Do you think you would have liked him? Her? Them?
3. How did the Navajo family feel about their family names?
4. How did Denny feel about their names?

CHAPTER 3

The Washing Machine

Navajo Words:

(No new words)

Before Denny opened his eyes next morning, he felt bright sunlight all around him and heard music from a radio. He had shared a bed with Eddie in a little room with school banners on the wall and a baseball bat in the corner. Eddie was already dressed in blue workpants. Denny felt that anything else would look silly in this country.

"Shizhé'é has gone to work," Eddie said.

He looked at Denny to see if he would need to have that word explained again. Denny frowned a little. He had been too sleepy last night to get all the words straight but he saw that he must never again repeat his questions to this younger brother.

"My dad, you know," Eddie explained, and Denny felt he had gotten one bad mark. "He's building roads all over the reservation. Soon there won't be a place you can't get to by car."

Denny gave up his vision of galloping horses. These changes among the Navajo seemed to be faster and more exciting than any gallop.

They went into the kitchen where Little Woman gave them each a bowl of beans. In front of them, on the tablecloth, was a round thing as big as a phonograph record. Eddie pulled a chunk off it and Denny did the same. It was bread, tough and strong. "Fry bread," said Eddie, munching. "You'd oughter see Ma and the other ladies make it at the Navajo Fair. Flip it in and out of the grease like a doughnut."

"Is it old time food?" asked Denny, hopefully.

"Made with wheat? Old timers didn't have wheat. Where do you think you are?"

While Denny was still chewing, Eddie had finished two more chunks of bread, and now he commanded, getting up from the table, "Come see the rest of the house before Daisy comes!"

So Daisy was coming! Denny could hardly pay attention to the rooms where Eddie led him. But his eyes opened in surprise, for this was nothing like a hogan. He saw another bedroom with white iron beds. As Eddie named each room, Denny could almost feel a sort of wind running through his voice, and through that bright-colored new house. The Home had seemed a place where nothing ever changed. Suddenly he began to understand how wonderful it was to be able to make things new and to do it yourself. They were in the front room now, with big velvet armchairs, a sofa and a television set.

"Have you - been here long?" he asked.

"Three years. Town's new, you know. My dad built this house and got the water in. Then, every year he bought something new for the bathroom." Denny remembered the shining tub, the shower, the hot water heater. It had never occurred to him to look at those different parts of a bathroom and think how much they cost.

"Last thing," boasted Eddie, sounding like an important business man, "was the washing machine. Most people don't have one."

"All in three years!" wondered Denny.

He could not think of anything that he himself had done in the last three years except read books and go to the hospital.

He said, "Maybe its like--the first settlement. The Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, I mean. I read about that in history. They started with nothing and -."

"We didn't start with nothing," declared Eddie indignantly. To Denny it seemed that everything he said made Eddie bristle. "We Diné have been in this country for hundreds of years. Course we didn't have much at first, but we kept working. We learned."

"And we taught ourselves. Or the Holy People taught us. We didn't come all ready with guns and clothes like those Plymouth Rock people."

Thát voice came from somebody who felt sure of what she knew and what she wanted. It must be Daisy. She had been standing outside the door, unnoticed, listening to the two boys. Denny hardly dared to look up. Since she could not have a girl in the family, she might have been expecting somebody tall and handsome, not a skinny twelve year old boy.

"Hello, Denny," she said quietly. Not younger brother as he had hoped she would call him.

"Hello," Denny almost whispered.

He dared to look up then, and thought Daisy was the most beautiful person he had ever seen. She was about sixteen. There was a lovely red over the brown in her cheeks. Her black hair was short and slightly curled. She wore a pink dress, very short, like those he had seen in the city. But how much prettier her brown arms and legs were than those others! And Daisy stood and talked as though she knew exactly what she wanted and how to get it.

"The Sanitation Aide will be here in a few minutes," said Daisy, "to look at the washing machine before we can start using it."

Denny had no idea what all that was about but Eddie explained, "The government sends him, you know, to see if the installation's all right. They put in the water lines and turn the supervision over to the Tribe and we pay the Tribe for the water each month."

Denny had never thought about how fixtures got into bathrooms. He looked with respect at Daisy and Eddie who seemed to know all about the business. Little Woman could now be heard greeting someone at the door.

"Denny," said Daisy as a tall young man entered, "this is Mr. Harrison Brody, the Sanitation Aide."

"How do you do, Mr. Brody," said Denny, as he had been taught. He had expected to see a white man in a business suit. But Mr. Brody's skin was as dark as Daisy's and Eddie's and his hair as black. He wore blue jeans and a plaid shirt.

"Hi, kid!" he said to Denny. Then to Daisy, "Well, young lady, are you the one in the family who signs the papers?"

Daisy smiled at him. "Shizhé'é just knows the words for his work," she said, "so I'm the one who reads English."

It was plain that she wanted to make a good impression on this Mr. Brody. She led them all through the kitchen to the little extra room and there stood the brand new white washing machine. Denny knew what it was. They had a big one at the Home, grayish and spotted with age. This one sat in its place shining brilliantly, like something in the fairy tales the younger children read at the Home.

"Shimá was willing just to take our wash to the laundromat," explained Daisy, "at the chapter house, you know. But I've told her this is cheaper in the end."

"She knows too much," thought Denny. "I'll never be able to help her. And then what? If I can't help her, will they send me back to the Home?"

Mr. Brody was telling Daisy, "Now this washing machine, you know, is something the government doesn't supply. The householder pays for it and puts in the connection. This is your copy of specifications. Want to read it?"

He handed Daisy an important looking paper, full of printing. It was the kind of paper Denny had seen many times at the hospital. He had looked at such papers while waiting for the doctor and had asked about the big words. But he could guess from the way Daisy looked and looked that she had never seen those words before. Yet she did not want Harrison Brody to know that. Denny shifted his feet and clasped and unclasped his hands. Finally he got up courage.

"Sister," he ventured, "I mean, Daisy, I guess you'd like me to read that, just to see if I can." Then he felt himself getting very red.

"Oh, yes," consented Daisy. "Maybe you had better, Denny." She still did not say brother, and Denny began to read.

"Washing machine, trap and stand pipe, one to one and a half – I guess that means inches."

"Huh!" snorted Eddie.

Harrison Brody said, "Well!"

"Hose bibb, one half inch."

"Pretty good," said Brody. That was the first time he had really looked at Denny. He took out another paper.

"Now your father signed this proposal before he started to work, but you look it over again to be sure you understand."

Daisy read, "The residents...agree to monthly charge...for operation and..."

She stopped and looked at Denny. Daisy was not going to give herself away by mispronouncing the next big words in front of Harrison. "You finish it," she said laughing.

Denny's voice was shaking as he read words he had often heard ". . . . maintenance of facilities."

Daisy actually smiled then. Of course, she also smiled at Harrison Brody, perhaps to show they both liked to help a funny little boy along. But Denny felt his first glow of hope.

Chapter Questions

1. How had Denny expected the family to be dressed? How were they actually dressed?
2. What was Hoskie Charlie's job? Do you think this surprised Denny? Why?
3. Describe the Charlie home in Kintah. How was it different from the Home?
4. According to Daisy and Eddie, how did the beginnings of the Navajo people differ from the beginning settlements of the white man (Pilgrims) in this country?
5. Describe what Daisy looked like.
6. Denny thought she was beautiful. So what was it about her that disappointed him?
7. How was Denny able to make a good impression on Daisy?

Navajo Words:

(No new words)

Harrison was stuffing papers into his brief case.

"You taking a rug to the auction at the chapter house?" he asked Daisy.

"Me? I never wove a rug in my life!"

"There'll be some pretty ones there. And lots of people too. It's tourist time."

Denny's ears pricked up. He had heard about Navajo rugs but the floor covering in Hoskie's house was mostly linoleum.

Daisy was listening to Harrison. "I'm only on this job for the summer," he was telling her. "I'm off to the clinic now. Inspection there, too."

"What do you plan to do this fall, Harrison?" asked Daisy.

"I'm going to college in the fall."

Denny whispered to Eddie, "Is he an Indian?"

"Sure. Family just moved here. He's studyin' to be an engineer."

"About the rugs - " Denny began, but Daisy interrupted him.

"Denny, we might as well go to the clinic now. Shizhé'é promised we'd take you there once a month."

"Is it near the - the chapter house?"

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"He wants to see that rug auction," laughed Harrison. "Like everybody from the east."

"Maybe later," said Daisy. Denny decided he had better do as his elder sister wanted. If only she would *let* him call her *shádí* - 'older sister'. They went into the street, Daisy and Harrison in front, Denny behind with Eddie. It was a wide street with no sidewalks and along it were flat roofed houses in bright colors. Scattered in the road were some toy trucks, bicycles, and a baby stroller.

Denny had to ask about the baby stroller. "But don't women - carry babies - on their backs?"

Daisy's voice was low, but Denny felt as though she had screamed at him. "Not here!" she said. "This is a modern town."

It certainly was. Denny saw electrical wires coming from the house tops and big red tanks standing at the sides of the houses.

"Gas?"

"Sure. For stoves and furnaces. How do you think we get heat?"

"I - I read in a book that Indians used to scrape two sticks together."

"Look here, Denny Lincoln," said Daisy, "that was years and years and years ago. Didn't you ever hear of people changing?"

Denny had never thought of it. Things did not change much at the Home.

"Well, I read in American History," he began, "about building railroads and ..."

"Pooh! That wasn't starting at the beginning, like our people did."

"Well, they came to Plymouth Rock..."

"In a ship full of tools and clothes and things. Ours came from the Underworld with nothing. And ever since they have learned and changed, learned and changed. And look what we have now!"

"A community of two hundred," said Harrison. "My family was glad to get a house here."

Daisy went on talking. She looked more at Harrison than at Denny.

"Six years ago, there was nothing here. Just empty land. Then my Dad and other men got together. They got the Tribe to clear the land and to help them build houses. And later they put in water and later..."

"The Tribe?" Denny was trying hard to understand all this.

"The Navajo Tribe," said Harrison. "The largest in the United States."

"I thought the government..."

"Oh, the government helps, too. And it should. But the Tribe, our own Tribe, makes plans and helps us to get houses and water and roads and education."

Denny had never heard anybody so proud and enthusiastic. He tried to imagine how it would be to belong to a tribe. Not just a great big country which could not keep track of one solitary boy. But a tribe, which knew all its members and did things for them.

"Here's the clinic," said Eddie.

Of course, it was a new building. It was low and white with a sign about U. S. Public Health on the outside. It was going to take Denny a long time to sort out which things were done by the United States Government and which by the Navajo Tribe. They both seemed to work together and Daisy and Eddie knew about it in a way that children at the Home never did.

He and Daisy walked straight into a room with a bright colored floor, and bright, light-weight chairs. People were sitting there. They must be waiting for a doctor, thought Denny. He was used to that part. But they were not looking sad and lonesome. They had pulled the chairs around and were talking. Women were showing babies to each other and children were running about.

"Is it a holiday?" asked Denny.

"Just regular," said Daisy. She had been talking to a pretty girl at the desk. "You can see the doctor right away," she told Denny. "These people are waiting for the nurse and she's treating a baby."

She motioned Denny down the hall. Oh, how often he had walked down a long gloomy hall to one of those rooms where you lay on a thing like an ironing board and doctors poked and punched. This doctor looked as young as Denny's last friend in the city, but he was not blonde like that one.

Denny looked at his black hair and asked shyly, "Are you Navajo?"

"Cheyenne. We Indians have got to stick together. You're Indian, aren't you?"

Denny took a big gulp and said, "Yes." Then he wondered if he dared ask the Cheyenne man not to tell Daisy what he had said. The examination went smoothly and the doctor soon told him what he had heard before.

"You're all right. Ought to be looked at once in a while, but there are clinics all over the reservation, and visiting nurses, too. Just get some exercise." Then he gave Denny a long look. "Have a good time, kid."

Oh, if he only could! If Daisy and Eddie would think he was fit to be their brother!

Chapter Questions

1. Were Denny's ideas about Indians old-fashioned? How?
2. How was Kintah built? How did the Tribe help?
3. Tell about Denny's visit to the clinic.

Navajo Words:

bilagáana - white man (men)

When Denny came out of the clinic, he found Daisy and Harrison talking excitedly in Navajo. Someone was with them, but at first he could not see who it was. Then he saw a girl. She was about Daisy's age, but her long black hair was not short and curled like Daisy's. It was knotted at the back of her head and tied with white yarn. Her cotton dress was quite long and her shoes were black. They were the kind made for walking and not for sitting in a car.

"This is Lily." Daisy told him. "I went to boarding school with her years ago, before we moved to Kintah. Only she says her name isn't Lily at all. That was just a school name. Her people call her Green Girl."

Green Girl? Denny was trying hard to keep up with Daisy's rush of talk. Her English sounded to him almost as strange as her Navajo.

"Or Green Yarn Girl," Daisy went on, hugging the other girl's arm. "You see, she's a weaver. And she always likes to have some green yarn in her rugs. That color's hard to get. She dyes all her yarn herself. And she's got a rug here, for sale. Haven't you, Lily?"

Green Girl smiled, a gentle smile and Denny could almost see pinyon trees and sage brush around her instead of the street of Kintah. Green Girl, he decided was somebody he wanted to know.

"The rug auction is tonight," said Daisy. "And she has to be

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home by day after tomorrow because they're having a sheep dip. That's why her mother and brother did not come."

Sheep dip? Denny had no idea what that could be, but his eyes were growing wide with excitement. Daisy went on:

"She came with the trader and his wife and she was going to spend the night with them, but I want her to come with us. Then maybe she could stay another day and Harrison ..." she looked sideways at Harrison.

Harrison grinned, "Yes, I've got to drive out to where she lives, anyway. They haven't a good water supply and I told Joe I'd take a look and report to the Public Health people whether they should see about digging a well."

"Joe? Is he a Navajo?" Denny ventured.

"Sure. Lily's cousin. Lives in a *hogan* near here," explained Harrison.

Hogans! So this country was not all streets and houses! Denny was breathless with excitement, but he was afraid to ask any more questions.

"You can stay, can't you Lily?" Daisy begged. "Then we'll all go to the auction tonight and watch them sell your rug. Maybe you'll get a lot of money."

Lily, or Green Girl, smiled, her gentle little smile. She had not said a word.

The auction was in the chapter house. That word had to be explained to Denny, for, to him, chapter meant a number at the top of a page in a book. The chapter house, Daisy said, had been built by her father and his friends long before they moved into Kintah. They needed a place to vote on Tribal matters and hold their meetings about sheep and roads and water. Since the chapter house is an important part of Tribal government, there are almost a hundred chapter houses on the reservation. Some are new, with shower baths and laundromats; some are old, where the men sit on wooden benches. In any case, Daisy had said that men often talked there all night, except at the rug auction. That was when the women's work was shown and people came from far and near to bid for it.

"But, I didn't see rugs in your house," Denny dared to say.

"Oh, we modern people like wall-to-wall carpeting. Or anyway, linoleum. It's the traders and the tourists who buy rugs. And we make them pay, all we can. The traders used to pay women for rugs by weight. Then somebody started the auction. You'll see."

After dark, the whole family went to the chapter house. It was a big wooden building with a gable over the front door. Inside was a large room, filled with people sitting on folding chairs. Eddie punched Denny. "See all those bilagáana in the middle part?" he whispered. "No Navajos there. Those are traders and tourists, come to buy rugs."

"Don't Navajos buy?"

"Not here. They come to sell."

Denny saw that, among the bilagáana, there were, indeed, no

Navajos. The Navajos, mostly women, were sitting along the sides of the room.

"Why do those women come if they're not going to buy?" Denny asked. Daisy turned to them. "Prices, of course. They want to know which kind of rugs pay best. Then they'll make one similar to it - if they can."

Denny had not supposed that planning for money was part of Navajo life. He stopped his questions.

At the back of the room were long tables, piled with folded rugs. "Come on, Lily," Daisy said. "Show us which rugs are good. Not that I'll ever buy one!" She began flipping through the piles on the table. Green Girl stood moving her lips as if she were making a decision on every thread.

"Pretty," said Denny as a fleecy one in red, white, and black was opened out. Green Girl shook her neat little head. "Loose weave. Woman in a hurry. Lazy, too. Red from trader. Black and white from own sheep."

"Are there black sheep?"

"Sheep not black, brown; make dark with sumac. Not white. Make pretty with --."

Daisy helped out - "Some white stone, I think." She flipped open another rug.

"Good weave," said Green Girl, screwing up her eyes. "But she not think about color. All kinds - yellow too easy. Must look for pink, red. Wait till flowers ready."

"Whew!" breathed Daisy, "That's work! And then you boil and strain and dry. And put something in to make the color stick."

Green girl nodded as each act was mentioned. You might have thought it was a delightful game. "Maybe take year," she said.

Daisy stared at her. "And all the while you might be watching TV!"

Harrison and Eddie were getting impatient. "Now your rug," urged Harrison. "Where is it - er - Lily?"

Green Girl knew just where it was. She carefully unfolded a window-sized rug, with a surface almost as smooth as canvas.

"Ooh, it's lovely," breathed Daisy, running her hand lightly over the surface of the rug.

The background was a soft reddish tan, the color of the folded mountains Denny had seen from the plane.

"Mountain mahogany bush and cactus fruit," said Green Girl, tracing the pattern with her slender brown finger.

Down the middle of the rug was a row of dark green triangles, almost the shape of the pinyon, the little green pine trees that grow all over the reservation.

"Navajo Tea," Daisy translated for Green Girl, who found it easier to explain about her work in her native Navajo. "It's a little plant with orange flowers, so you dye the yarn orange first, then black. Oh, then there's more about putting some ground-up stone to make the color stay, and not fade. Then boiling and straining and drying. How anyone does all that, I can't imagine!"

Denny had noticed something. In one corner of the rug, the border design had a small gap in it. He wondered why, but he was afraid to ask. If it was a mistake, he didn't want to hurt Green Girl's feelings. "Anyway," he thought to himself as he absently touched the broken design, "the rug is really beautiful."

Daisy saw Denny fingering the 'mistake', and noticed the quizzical look on his face. "This place here," she explained, touching it with her fingertip, "is the 'mistake' Green Girl made on purpose to let the evil spirits out. Originally all weavers made a 'mistake' of some kind in their rugs to let the evil spirits escape. They continue to do it today, isn't that so, Lily?" Green Girl nodded, and they both smiled at Denny's wide-eyed wonder.

Daisy said it was time to find a seat. They found chairs near the wall among the other Navajo weavers and their friends and families. Denny noticed that most of the weavers, all women, wore long hair tied in a knot like Green Girl, and carried a blanket with a fringe or wore it over their shoulders. These were not Navajo blankets, Harrison had told him. They were Pendleton blankets and the women had bought them from the traders or from a store in Gallup.

Suddenly everyone quieted down. The auctioneer had come to the platform. He was a white man in a big cowboy hat, and he had a powerful voice. Harrison said he talked the funny language of auctioneers all over the country. He gave his services to the women of Kintah country so that they would not have to sell their rugs to the traders by weight alone.

"Twenty dollars, that's the least I will take. Twenty-one, twenty-one, gimme twenty-one, twenty one here, who'll gimme twenty-two?"

So he began, holding up a small rug. Denny was fascinated. In between two words that he could understand, it seemed the auctioneer rattled off a hundred he could not understand at all. It was like a very fast, very strange new language. He almost forgot Green Girl sitting patiently but tensely beside him. "Your's will bring a lot, I know," he whispered to her. She smiled at him with her eyes.

There were rugs the size of a door, the size of a kitchen table, of a school desk. There were beautiful patterns in tan, rose, and yellow. And there were some rugs that Denny thought were not so pretty in mustard, black and white. There were rugs soft as fur and rugs as stiff as canvas. One sold for fifteen dollars, one for two hundred. Then, as the rug with the pinyon trees was held up, Denny's excitement mounted, and he knew that Green Girl's heart was beating as fast as his own!

"Thirty dollars! Thirty-five! gimme forty! Now forty! Forty-two! Gimme forty-two!" It was sold at last for fifty dollars.

It was late when all the rugs were sold and the auction was over. They walked slowly back to the house, tired and sleepy.

"Well," Harrison said to Green Girl, "You have enough to buy a real pretty dress."

In the soft glow from the lights of the houses, Denny could see Green Girl shake her head. "No," she said softly. "Enough for groceries for a month."

Chapter Questions

1. How were Daisy and Green Girl different?
2. Why do you suppose, since they are both Navajo girls, that they were dressed in such different styles?
3. Why was Green Girl called Green Girl?
4. What is a Chapter House? Describe this one.
5. Green Girl was critical of the red, white and black rug. Why?
6. Describe Green Girl's rug.
7. Why was there a 'mistake' in the rug?
8. How do the weavers get the various colors? (Do some research)
9. Describe the Rug Auction.

CHAPTER 6

Sheep Dip

Navajo Words:

hataałii bitsi' - Daughter of the Singer

yáago - (you) down (command)

Two days after the rug sale, they started in Harrison's pickup to take Green Girl home. On the seat in front were Harrison and Mr. Sam, a man from the Public Health Service, who was going to look into the water supply at Green Girl's home. In the bed of the pickup were pipes and plumbing fixtures, meant for all the area around the hogan. Daisy and Green Girl sat among them on blankets from the Charlie house, Denny and Eddie on the floor, leaning against a sack of potatoes and one of flour that Little Woman was sending to hataałii bitsi' (Daughter of the Singer), Green Girl's mother.

"Her mother and grandmother weave too," Daisy was explaining, "but the grandmother does mostly the carding and spinning. You know, getting the wool ready to weave. Uh, what a job!"

Green Girl had bought a length of calico with some of her rug money and she sat holding it and smiling, while Daisy told them about her.

"Didn't she learn English at school?" asked Denny.

"Well, some. But at the hogan they speak only Navajo. After a year, her grandfather kept her home. He doesn't approve of school."

"Not approve of school!" Denny could hardly believe it.

"Not for people who live in hogans. He says it's a silly waste of time. So she and her little brother only went for a year apiece. And her older sister never went at all."

"But how could they? Didn't the school send someone to ask about them?"

Daisy spoke to Green Girl, who answered in her low voice, with a little laugh.

"Oh, grandfather and grandmother would hide them. Send them to visit relatives or out with the sheep."

"But hasn't she got a father and mother?"

"Oh, yes. But they do what the old people say."

Denny had a hard time understanding this. Then he looked at Green Girl and saw her smiling so prettily and talking to Daisy in her soft voice, and he could see that she was not at all unhappy.

"She says," Daisy told him, "she would rather weave and hunt plants than sit in a schoolroom all day. And they didn't teach weaving at school where we were. Some do now, though."

Denny thought that if he lived in a hogan perhaps he would feel that way, too.

The truck was rattling through the brown grassland. "There'll be factories here some day," Eddie said proudly.

"And Navajos running them," added Daisy.

"Do - do Navajos know how to run factories?" blurted Denny.

"They'll learn before you know it," snapped Daisy. "Wait till Harrison and I get our education. And lots of others."

Denny resolved not to ask so many questions. He was thinking that there were factories enough in the world already. He almost wished these fields could stay as they were. He saw Green Girl looking at him. Perhaps she read his thoughts for she pointed with her lips out to the field. There was a horse. No, there were more than one. Denny began counting aloud excitedly. Eddie interrupted:

"Oh, yeh. Out here some people do raise horses. Sheep, too."

"Do they ride them?"

"Horses? Sure, there're lots of rodeos all summer and early fall."

Denny had to think about that. "There must be different kinds of Navajos," he said finally.

"Sure, aren't there different kinds of *bilagáana* like you?"

"But I'm not - " Denny had to stop the trend of his thoughts. He did not know what he was, but then he saw Eddie grinning wickedly, and knew *he* didn't really think Denny was a *bilagáana*.

They had been driving for some time through empty country, and then they turned onto a dirt road. Soon, there was hardly any road at all. They followed two deep ruts.

"Wagon track," said Eddie.

Denny had hardly ever seen a wagon. He looked out with excitement as the car bumped along, and there were wagons! Two or three drawn up together, like those in pictures. Beyond them was a car or two but Denny hardly noticed them. For beyond the cars was a rough kind of fence, taller than a man. From behind the fence came a noise he had never heard.

"Sheep!" Eddie shouted at him.

The pickup stopped and they all piled out quickly. Mr. Sam and Harrison headed toward a group of men. The others walked around the fence.

"Corral!" Eddie said.

When they reached the other side of the fence, everything was excitement. There was an opening, with a platform where a man stood. Away from the platform stretched a long trench. At least, Denny made out finally that it was a trench, with liquid in it. On both sides of it stood people with long sticks.

Fishing? He didn't dare ask Eddie about that, and anyway, Eddie had run toward the trench. Daisy and Green Girl were gone too, lost in a crowd of women. Denny went nearer and saw that, under the sticks, there was something moving. Then he caught a glimpse of a big, wooly head with frightened eyes.

"Down! Yáago!" somebody shouted. The head went down. It must be a sheep, and were they killing it? Denny pushed between two boys. This was the end of the trench and he could see skinny, four-legged animals climbing out. Were they sheep? They were yellow and he could not see any wool.

Denny leaned over to get a better look, and the next thing he knew he was in the trench, feeling a sharp sting in his nose and eyes. And it seemed there was a sheep on top of him. That was only for a minute. Then there were hands under his arms. He was dragged past sticks and sheep up to the bank. Someone with a cloth began wiping his face.

"Eyes! Shut eyes!" said the person who was wiping.

Denny did and soon the stinging was better. He opened his eyes which had been carefully wiped and saw a boy of his own size.

"Thanks," mumbled Denny.

The boy smiled at him and kept wiping.

Denny smiled back. Then they both kept smiling. This was the first time Denny had met the kind of boy he wanted for a friend. Those at the Home had been too young and as for Eddie, Denny was still a bit afraid of that little fellow who knew so much.

"Thank you," he said again. "I'm sorry. I didn't know..."

The other boy kept looking and smiling and Denny understood. He did not speak English. At least, not Denny's English.

Daisy came rushing up. "Oh, Denny! I shouldn't have let you--but I went with Green Girl---." She turned to Green Girl who was beside her, looking worried. "And this is her brother, Kii. He pulled you out. You are all covered with creosote and sulphur!"

Denny looked down and saw that he was covered with the same dripping stuff that was on the sheep. Kii went on rubbing him off and talking with his smile.

"I think I'm all right," said Denny. "But, can I watch for awhile?"

He looked at the line of sticks being held over the trench. They had stopped working for a moment and all the extra people were gathered around Denny. He could hear them exclaiming, in words he could not understand.

"Green Girl says you must come back to their hogan and get washed," said Daisy, "but--yes--I guess we could watch for a minute."

People parted to allow Denny to get next to the trench and he could see that organized work was going on. He was near the lower end of the trench. At its upper end was the corral with its narrow opening. Two men stood there, pulling the sheep out, one by one. They came out onto a raised platform with a slide leading down into the trench. They came out bleating and Denny could not help asking Daisy, "Are they going to be killed?"

"Of course not. Just washed. To get the ticks off."

"Ticks?" Denny sighed. He just had to ask another question. And, of course, Eddie was there to answer.

"Bugs that bite. Suck your blood. Like fleas, only bigger. And sheep can't scratch, you know, the way dogs do."

Denny thought of the woolen blankets he had pulled over him, without a thought that the wool might have been cleaned in yellow liquid or had biting things in it.

"That's Joe on the platform!" said Eddie excitedly. "Joe Whitepoint, the rodeo star. He's Green Girl's cousin. He lives near her home."

This was the first time Denny had heard Eddie speak respectfully about anybody but Hoskie, his father. He looked at the husky fellow, standing with legs apart and brown arms ready, waiting for the next sheep. It was an old ram with horns and he had made up his mind not to go down the slide. His feet danced as he tried to butt Joe off the platform. Joe was bigger than the ram. He grabbed the horns and straddled him. Down he went and the sticks began to push him along.

"Joe's got a silver mounted saddle," he heard Daisy saying.

From the admiring tone of her voice, Denny could tell why she had been so ready to wait and watch the dip.

Harrison had come up to join them. He looked very neat in his clean plaid shirt, and his string tie held together with a silver thunderbird.

"I remember about that silver mounted saddle," he said. "Guess Joe spent his time riding horses instead of going to school. You know, he can't read or write English." He stopped because Green Girl was looking offended.

"Now go hogan," said Green Girl.

Chapter Questions

1. Why didn't Grandfather's grandchildren go to school? Do you think this was a bad thing, or a good thing? Have a debate about it, and give your reasons.
2. Describe the sheep dip and the dipping.
3. What does "Yáago" mean?
4. Who was Joe and why did Eddie admire him?

CHAPTER 7

Hogan

Navajo Words:

shidá'í - my mother's brother
nihighan - our home
shimásání - my mother's mother - grandmother

shicheii - my grandfather (mother's family) also my grandson
Chááala - Navajo word for Charlie

Green Girl and the others walked to the hogan by a short cut between rocky hills. They crossed a little gully with a trickle of water. Beside the gully stood what Denny at first thought was a rounded pile of sticks, covered with mud.

"The sweathouse," said Harrison.

Eddie laughed. "What they use here instead of a bathtub."

Green Girl looked at Eddie as though she did not like his statement. Daisy explained,

"It works, I guess. They put hot stones in there, pour water on them and make steam. That's what all our people used to do, long ago."

"There's not much water here," Eddie noted looking at the small trickle in the gully.

"Enough," said Green Girl. It seemed she understood a great deal more of English than she let on. She went on talking Navajo to Daisy, and Daisy explained to Denny,

"It takes only a little jar full to pour on the hot stones. They would do it for you now, only it takes too long to heat the stones."

Denny had heard about sweatbaths. Only, people in the city called them "Saunas" and talked as though they were very expensive. Now he looked with respect at the bath house erected by people who had no stoves and no water pipes. He thought Eddie need not be so boastful about having everything new.

They started up the slope above the ravine. Green Girl pointed with her lips along its edge. "Shidá'í (my mother's brother) live there. Also, Joe."

Both Eddie and Daisy looked at the place where Joe lived as if it must be a whole rodeo arena.

"Shidá'í take care of us," Green Girl went on. "Like uncles do."

"Uncle?" Denny whispered to Eddie. "Don't they have a father?"

"Sure, sure," grunted Eddie. "And I heard somebody say he was coming home today. But these old fashioned people, they think their ma's brother - oh well, you gotta ask somebody else."

Denny was beginning to find Navajo family ways hard to understand. Still, he did not think Eddie knew much about them either.

When they reached the top of the slope, they were standing in an open space with pointed rocks scattered here and there. Beyond the rocks were tall trees and beyond the trees, blue sky. Denny had never seen anything so peaceful. Right then and there he knew this was the kind of place where he would like to live.

"*Nihighan* - our home," said Kii.

Denny thought there was nothing in the open space. Now he saw there were buildings; one, two, three, standing far apart, their grayness striking against the red rocks. They approached the nearest one from behind. As they walked around it, Denny could see it was made of logs, piled sideways, one on another. There were no windows. The roof was a dirt-covered dome and out of it came a thin, black smokepipe. Yes, it was a *hogan*, like the one in the picture at the Home.

"This is your father's house?" he asked Kii shyly. Everyone laughed at him.

"His mother's," corrected Daisy. "Even I know that's the way it is with old fashioned people." Green Girl disappeared into the *hogan*, and Kii followed her.

It was Harrison who explained. Harrison acted like a very modern man, but he had more respect for the old ways than Daisy did, perhaps because he knew more about them.

"Navajos who live in the ways of the old days believe the house belongs to the woman," he told Denny. "Lots of people do that way, I've heard, all over the world."

"Then who lives in the other houses?" Denny wanted to know.

"Green Girl's grandmother, and her big sister. With their husbands."

Although he had told himself he would ask no more questions, still these Navajo ways were getting pretty hard to understand. He felt he had to ask just one more.

"Why don't they all live in the same house?"

Eddie's answer made things no easier.

"Mother-in-law stuff. Old time rules," he grinned.

There was no use in asking any more. Denny turned away and saw another woman coming out of the hogan with Green Girl. She wore a long skirt with flounces and her black hair was knotted at the back of her head like Green Girl's. The woman carried an armful of clothing. Green Girl took them from her and ran to Denny.

"Shicheii (my grandfather) asleep there," she explained. "Shimá say these clean for you. But wash first."

Denny looked toward the house, wondering where the washroom was. But Kii came out of the hogan door with a bucket of water.

"Hogan washroom," snickered Eddie, and wandered off with Harrison.

He meant it to be funny, but Green Girl did not smile. She motioned to Denny to take off his wet smelly clothes. Then she and Daisy walked away to the other side of the hogan, and Green Girl's mother went back inside. Denny washed with as little water as he could. He thought it was wonderful to have a washroom with no wall but the sky, and no towel but the breeze and the sun.

"Where do you get the water?" he asked as Kii picked up the empty bucket.

"Deep well," Kii informed him. At least he knew some words of English. "Go with barrel," he continued, "Uncle's wagon, every week."

"Isn't that a lot of trouble?"

Maybe Kii did not understand what Denny meant. He smiled happily and said, "In winter, use snow."

Denny tried to think how he would like some handsful of snow instead of a tub full of warm water. You would have to be born to it, he decided. And maybe, in old times, everybody *was* born to it.

He had put on the clothes which must be Kii's. The pants were too short and the shirt too broad, but he began to feel really at home. What did Kii do all day in these clothes, he wondered, if there was no school? As he was tying the sneakers, he got up courage to ask.

Kii did not act superior as Eddie did. He got some English words together and said, "Hoe corn, tend sheep."

That must be pretty good, thought Denny. No bells ringing. No clocks to mark the time. Then he thought of all the books Kii could not have.

"But you don't learn anything, Kii!" he burst out.

Kii smiled gently. "Learn sing. *Shicheii* teach."

"You mean you'll be a medicine man?"

Kii nodded. Then Denny said something that must have been in his mind for a long time.

"That's what I want to be, a doctor."

The two boys stood looking at each other. Each had said something that he had never told a stranger before. To Denny it seemed like a partnership that had come to him suddenly out of nowhere. He had never had a friend of his own age before. Even though Kii could only say a few words in English, Denny felt that these showed him to be a real friend.

Harrison came round the house, and called them.

They walked to the shady side of the house where the others were, and there saw a big square loom set up under a tree. Denny thought at first that it looked like a door with a curtain of cream colored threads hanging before it. There were two big bars at the top and two at the bottom, and the long threads hung between them.

"That is warp," said Green Girl. She explained, with Daisy translating, how those threads were wound up and down over the two sets of bars to make the warp, the foundation which would hold the colored threads of the pattern.

Green Girl then sat on the ground and showed them how she pushed the colored wool threads in and out - weaving -, and then pushed the new line of color down tightly with a comb. All Denny could see at the present was the soft gray background. "From Coyote food," she said. Harrison told them that the coyote food was the berries of the ironwood tree. Denny thought he could just

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make out the beginning of a pinyon trunk, dark red, from mountain mahogany. All this was at the bottom of the big rug. Green Girl was going to roll this finished part under the bottom bar and then start weaving up again as high as she could reach.

"Pretty, isn't it?" Harrison said admiringly.

Denny thought it was beautiful. He saw a green triangle that was going to be part of a row.

"Pinyon," said Green Girl.

It really did look a little like the small evergreens Denny had seen dotted over the hillsides. Around it was a rosy brown color like the desert sand, then a white zigzag, which Denny thought might perhaps be a cloud. He looked around.

"Where's the picture she's copying from?" he asked. Even Daisy laughed.

"She doesn't copy, silly! She does it all out of her head."

Green Girl's little dark head must be pretty good, thought Denny. He was going to ask if all Navajo women were just as good, but then they heard a car.

Denny had been looking from time to time at the door of the *hogan*. He longed to go inside and see who was there. Now, as he glanced at the door again, there *was* someone. It was a little old woman. As he stared, he saw she really had on a velvet blouse and silver necklace, like the one in the picture at the Home. She stood listening, perhaps to the car. Then she came out and began to walk quickly towards the second *hogan*, behind the pine trees.

"*Shimásání*," said Green Girl.

"That means grandmother," said Daisy. "Mother's mother."

"Why did she leave that *hogan* so fast?" Denny was puzzled.

"Kii's father's coming I guess." grunted Eddie.

"But he's ..."

"Yep, he's her son-in-law. That's *why*." Eddie said it matter-of-factly, as if the whole thing were perfectly sensible.

This was too much for Denny. "Don't they like each other?"

"That doesn't matter," said Harrison. "It's a rule. Mother-in-law and son-in-law don't meet."

Now they saw a car stopping some way off.

"Can't they get nearer?" asked Denny, unable to stop asking questions.

Green Girl shook her head. "*Shizhé'é* (my father)," she said, "must wait, see who is here."

Unable to contain himself, Denny turned to Harrison;—"But why?" he cried. "I don't understand."

Harrison smiled. "It is the way of the Navajo people who live as they did in old times. It is considered very bad luck for mother-in-law and son-in-law to see each other. In English we call it the 'Mother-in-Law Taboo'."

Denny thought about that. Remembering some of the conversations among the grown-ups which he had heard at the Home, he began to think that perhaps a Mother-in-Law Taboo might not be such a bad idea.

He turned then, and saw a tall man get out of the pickup. He walked in a direction opposite from that where the old woman had gone. Green Girl and Kii hurried after him. When they returned, they were on each side of the tall man who was in worn-looking work clothes.

"Their father, Cháala," said Harrison. "Somebody's brought him home from the summer harvesting."

The tall man was coming toward the house now, and out of it came another woman in Navajo dress. Denny recognized her as the woman who had come out of the hogan with Green Girl before, and knew she was Green Girl's mother. She did not run away as the old woman had. She walked, with her full skirt swinging, toward Cháala and he walked toward her. Denny knew they must be husband and wife, but they did not run into each other's arms and kiss. They stood and looked at each other, quietly and happily. Green Girl and Kii followed them into the hogan.

Green Girl reappeared immediately at the door of the hogan and called to the guests, "You come in."

Chapter Questions

1. What is a sweatbath? How do you think it works?
2. What family relationships did Denny find confusing? How were these relationships different from the ones he was used to?
3. Would you like to bathe out under the open sky as Denny did? Why or why not?
4. Do you think you would like to live as Kii did? Have a debate and give your reasons.
5. Try to draw a picture of the loom and name the parts from the description in the story.
6. Why did Grandmother leave her daughter's hogan when she saw her son-in-law's car approaching?
7. Do you think the Mother-in-Law taboo is a good idea? Why or why not?

Navajo Words:

shidibé - my sheep
dóone'é - clan or clans

Inside the hogan there was twilight. Two patches of light fell on the earthen floor, one from the open door and the east, one from the smokehole above. The floor, where so many feet had walked, felt as smooth and hard as concrete. The log walls were uncovered but pegs had been driven into them and from these hung cowboy hats, coats, and bags of different sorts. Green Girl went along the edge of the walls unrolling blankets and sheepskins for the guests to sit on.

First they went to the western end of the house, where an old man sat smiling and waiting. Kii's father led them. He said a few words to the old man and then sat cross-legged beside him. Denny had begun noticing directions and he saw that the men sat at the south.

Green Girl came to lead the visitors up to her grandfather. He did not shake hands, but only said, "Yá'át'ééh" in a gentle voice. The women then sat on blankets on the north side of the hogan and Denny and Eddie joined Kii at the south side. Denny noticed the bright colored fringe on the blankets they were sitting on. He remembered what Harrison had told him about them being Pendleton blankets which the Navajos bought. He remembered also that there was no fringe on the rug which Green Girl was weaving.

Eddie noticed Denny smoothing out the fringe. "Navajos don't use their own rugs on the floor," he said. "They make them to

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sell."

Then one more family member came in. At least Denny thought she must be a family member, as she entered so quietly and took her place at the north side where the girls were sitting. She was a beautiful young woman with hair and dress like Kii's mother and she held a baby in her arms.

"That's Green Girl's older sister," whispered Eddie. "She lives in the house with straight walls. Not a *hogan*. Her husband built it."

"Where's her husband?" Denny whispered back.

"At Joe's *hogan*, I guess. He can't come in here, of course. Martha's mother's here. Guess he thinks that's all nonsense." Eddie continued, "But Martha makes him stick to the old rules."

"Martha?"

"That's what he calls her. Don't know what her Indian name is."

Martha had sat down with the cradleboard on her knees. She looked over and smiled at *Cháala* and he smiled at her, but they said nothing.

For a while no one spoke, not even Daisy. They all sat quietly, feeling the comfort, getting acquainted by looks instead of words. Then Harrison came in. Denny saw that he knew enough to go to the west and speak to Grandfather, but then he turned to *Cháala* and said in English:

"I've been talking to that man from the PHS," he said, "you know? Public Health. He's seen there are six houses around here, counting all yours and all your relatives on the other side of the ravine. It's possible the government could put in a well for all of you if you would dig trenches for the water pipes and buy fixtures for a bathroom."

Cháala stared at him.

Harrison took out paper and pencil. "Look! You could cut a hole in the hogan side, here. Then build an addition for a tub and lavatory."

Cháala began to shake his head. Still shaking it, he spoke in Navajo to his wife and Grandfather. They all laughed, gently.

"All this ..." Chaala gestured, "cost money?"

'Oh, sure. But you could all get together. Think of the improvement," Harrison urged.

"We have sweathouse," said Cháala, matter-of-factly.

"Yes, but, in winter -," Harrison argued.

"Bring water in house," said Cháala, still smiling as though he were talking to a crazy person.

Harrison caught Martha's eye. "I bet your daughter here would like it."

Martha somehow got his meaning and they heard her murmur, "Rico."

"Yes, I'm sure your husband would," said Harrison. "But look here. If you can't get the rest of the folks around here to join you, why not move to Kintah? You know, the Tribe is putting up houses there, and giving you a long time to pay."

Cháala took some time telling this to his family. He did it smiling as though it were some kind of fanciful tale the guest was making up for their amusement.

They listened as though waiting for the end of an exciting story. When it seemed there was no more coming, Kii's mother burst out with one word: "Shidibé!"

"Your sheep?" said Harrison. "But look! The pasture for sheep is getting smaller and poorer. Pretty soon there will be only a few flocks on special pastures. Now, in the town, you could all get work, men and women both."

The children had been listening to every word. They knew what Harrison had said, and they could speak some English when they had to. They had to now.

"No!" said Green Girl, firmly. "I look after sheep."

"No!" said Kii, just as determined. "I carry water."

Harrison looked across at Daisy. "Guess it's no use," he shrugged. "These folks don't think like we do."

"I'll bet Martha and her man do," put in Eddie, under his breath. "But they won't have no say with the old folks around."

Martha smiled quickly at him when she caught her name. But she said nothing.

"She's another one who never went to school," whispered Eddie to Denny.

Denny had sat looking up at the smokehole where the only light came in. There was no blue sky to be seen there now. For a while the sky looked gray-blue. Now it was dark blue and there was one faint star. He thought Martha's life must have been good in this hogan, being able to look up from bed at night and see the stars go by.

Green Girl had risen and lit a kerosene lamp and set it on a bracket. Now she went to the stove where her mother had been working. She brought coffee in bright plastic cups. A stirring at the door caught her attention. Quickly she moved to the doorway and talked to someone. She came back with a steaming cooking pot. She set it down by the stove and began to ladle out mutton stew into bowls which were also of bright plastic.

"The Grandmother made it, over in the other house," said Daisy.

"Doesn't she mind having to leave like that?" Denny could not help asking that. Green Girl smiled at him. She understood more English than she could speak.

"Not mind," she said, "peaceful."

It was true. In all the places where he had been, Denny had never seen peace like this. The people seemed used to their house, their water carrying, and their cooking so that they did the work without thinking. They did not hurry and insist that everything be perfect, like the nurses did at the hospital where he had stayed so long.

"Harrison," said Daisy, "ask the Grandfather to tell about old customs. Denny wants to hear and I can't tell him."

There was a long pause after that. Harrison spoke to Chą́ala. Chą́ala spoke to Grandfather, and Grandfather seemed amused at the question. He sat smiling and thinking for some time and then he began.

He spoke in a quiet, low voice. He smiled sometimes at what he was saying and looked out through the eastern door as if he could see people of old times walking there. Harrison translated and he did not talk in the modern way Denny had heard up to now. He used simple language that sounded like poetry, though it was not. It made Denny think of parts of the Bible he heard once when he was taken to Sunday School.

"It is said, that long ago, we Diné came up to the Earth Surface from the Fourth Underworld. That, I cannot tell you about now. It is summer and not the right time. But it seems these guests we have wish to know something of our old customs. And our own young people" - he smiled at Daisy and Eddie - "our own young people cannot explain them."

Eddie looked a little uncomfortable. Grandfather went on:

"I shall not tell you of how the Holy Ones taught us to grow corn and gave us horses and sheep, or how Spider Woman taught our women to weave. All that is for another time. I begin after we had all these things."

"Now we *Diné*, as we settled this land, traveled together in groups. I do not know whether that was also done in the underworlds but perhaps it was. We call these groups *dóone'é*."

Harrison added, "At college they said clans."

"The *dóone'é* were small, and few in number, in olden times and the people in each one had to help each other. They helped in building *hogans*, though the *hogans* then were not like what we have now. They helped with hunting the deer. So they all felt very close together. They called each other brother and sister. And they were close like a family. So, of course, the people in one *dóone'é* could not marry each other."

Harrison added, "I have heard there was something like that in other places." He looked at Denny.

"Oh, yes," said Denny, glad that, at last, they were talking about something he knew. "They had clans in Scotland. One nurse at the hospital belonged to the MacDonald clan. She said that was the name of the man at the head of the clan, the Chieftan."

"The man!" cried Daisy.

She must have been listening though she had not seemed to be. Grandfather must have understood her. He spoke rapidly to Harrison as if he wished to make sure of being understood. Harrison translated:

"The Diné think the head of a clan should be the oldest woman, and that the woman should be the head of the household. Why not? It is she who makes the children who will be clan members. And," (he glanced at the old man), "she keeps them alive with her care and her cooking." He stopped, Grandfather nodded, and went on:

"In the old days, the men of a family had to be away much of the time, tracking, hunting, and fighting with enemy peoples. That left the women at home to have the babies, make clothes, and to take care of the house. It is no wonder, I think, that we call the woman the head of the house. When our people had sheep they were kept near the house and the women and children had charge of them. The sons soon went off riding with their father but the daughters stayed to help at home. It is no wonder that, when they married, the daughters wished to remain and have their husbands come to stay with them."

Here Grandfather stopped to think and they wondered if he would go on. Daisy spoke softly to Harrison.

"Would you go to live with your wife? If you had one?"

"Couldn't," said Harrison. "When I get my engineering degree I plan to live in Chicago."

Eddie boasted, "Well, I'm going to be a councilman right here on the reservation. And I'll tell my wife right away, there won't be any of that old stuff."

"How about you, Green Girl?" Daisy asked her friend in Navajo.

Green Girl answered, "I think I would do like my mother, because I will always live here, and here it is a good way." Daisy translated this for Denny.

"Wait 'til you get a husband," grinned Harrison. "See what he says!"

Martha, the young wife with the baby, had not said anything, but she, too, understood a great deal. She nodded her head at Harrison's words. It looked as if young husbands were not following the old way much.

"Now ask about the uncle, Harrison," directed Daisy.

Harrison asked some questions and Grandfather frowned slightly. He replied quickly.

"He says you ought to understand without asking," Harrison looked amused. "A woman's children belong to her clan! A woman's husband belongs to a different clan. So, of course, his first duties are to people of his own clan. I think I can remember," Harrison continued, "that my uncle, shidá'í, my mother's brother - fixed a marriage for my oldest sister. They used to do that, you know. That was long ago, when I was very small."

"Then - who looks after the uncle's own children?" asked Daisy. She was almost as puzzled as Denny.

"Why, their mother's brother, of course. He belongs to the same clan. He must take care of them to keep the clan strong."

"Well -," Denny hesitated, then went on, "suppose - suppose the mother doesn't have any brother. Then who looks after the children?"

"Then the grandfather, mother's father, would do it." explained Harrison.

"And," Denny was embarrassed, but he had to know, "what if there were no grandfather?" Since he had never known any family of his own, who took care of the children, and these relationships were terribly important to him.

Harrison thought a moment, then turned and spoke to Grandfather. At Grandfather's reply, Harrison continued, "He says, in that case, the grandmother, mother's mother, would look after the children. He says don't worry. There will always be someone in the clan to take care of the children."

The old man smiled with understanding at Denny, who ducked his head, a little embarrassed, but with a warm feeling around his heart.

Daisy looked a little disappointed. "My mother's brother is in Denver," she said. "I guess, in our family, Father will have to do that job."

She and Eddie looked at each other. Perhaps they were sorry that the old ways were going.

It was time for all to take off their shoes and lie down for the night. Grandfather began to push himself to his feet in order to go back to Grandmother's hogan. But he stopped for a moment and looked up through the smokehole at the stars. Then he spoke quietly to Harrison and Harrison translated.

"There is a reason why I cannot move to Kintah. I am an old man and I am going blind. I could not live in a place with streets and cars. And -," he sighed gently, "perhaps soon I can no longer carry on ceremonies, either, for I cannot direct the sand painters. It is well that you come before this happened."

"Blind!" Daisy gulped.

Denny looked at the old man and saw the lamplight falling straight on his face. He noticed something which he must have been seeing all afternoon without really thinking about it. It was a sort of film which completely covered one of the old man's eyes and seemed to partly cover the other. Denny had seen such a film before. He had asked the doctors about it.

"But," cried Denny, "that can be cured!"

He knew already that no young person should speak out before his elders unless spoken to. Especially not a foreign boy and one who was already, he felt, on trial with the family. Then he forgot everything except that Grandfather must not go blind, here among the trees and rocks with no doctors to help him. He got the words out in gasps.

"He - he must go to the hospital." His voice was urgent. "Because I have seen this before. Doctors cure it. They really can! They call it - they call it - cataract!"

Everybody was looking at Denny. He wondered for a moment if they were going to send him out of the hogan. Perhaps he would be told to take the plane and go back where he had come from. A boy with bad manners like his could not stay with Navajos.

Then Harrison spoke up, "Well! I'll be - ! Of course!" He explained quickly in Navajo to Grandfather what Denny had said.

Daisy ran over and took Denny's hands. "Why, that's wonderful! That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Good for you, shitsilí (my younger brother)!"

Chapter Questions

1. How does the gathering of the Navajo family in the *hogan* differ from a family gathering in your home?
2. Why do you think *Cháala* and his family preferred to stay in their old *hogan* without plumbing, than to put in plumbing or move to Kintah?
3. What other peoples have you heard of which have clans?
4. Why do the *Diné* feel a woman should be the head of the house? Do you know what this is called? What do you think? Have a debate.
5. Why does the mother's brother look out for the children more than the father? Which male member of the family watches out for you? What about other cultures?
6. How do you suppose Denny was able to recognize Grandfather's problem?

CHAPTER 9

Hospital

Navajo Words:

(No new words)

Harrison took Grandfather to the big government hospital at Gallup. He had driven him to the nearest clinic and there the doctor had said, "He has cataracts." So they sent him in an ambulance to Gallup.

"Should have been attended to long ago," Harrison told the family. "That's what people get for living way out in the country and hating school."

Harrison knew all the ways of getting things done. He telephoned to the hospital and found that Grandfather need only stay there three days. They would operate on one of his eyes, then send him home in black glasses to wait for months until it was well. Then they would operate on the other eye. It meant being blind in one eye or the other for six months and he would have to wear thick glasses afterward. But, Harrison had pointed out, that was better than being blind in both eyes for life.

Even to the Charlie family, this seemed like a miracle. It was the kind of cure that Grandfather could never have worked with his songs, even though he was a famous medicine man.

"And he'll owe it to you!" Daisy told Denny with her eyes shining brightly. "You did it, shitsilí (younger brother)."

At last, Denny was really in the family! Daisy called him in Navajo 'my younger brother' (*shitsilí*) and Eddie said 'my older brother' (*shínaaí*). Even Harrison spoke to him as if he was not at all a silly little boy. So he was asked to go with the family when they went to see Grandfather after his eye operation.

By luck, they had a chance to visit Grandfather the next day.

The same trader who had brought Green Girl to the rug sale was going to Gallup on business and stopped at Kintah overnight. He had Kii with him, to look after the old man on the return journey.

"Oh, could we go to Gallup with you?" begged Daisy. "We could help, I'm sure." She looked at Denny and he knew he was part of the *we*. Even Daisy, the business manager of the family, was a little afraid of the big city hospital where she had never been.

"Guess you can come," said the trader. "You keep Kii for the night and I'll be around early tomorrow morning."

The trader left them at the hospital door the next day and went about his business. Even Denny felt a little shy before the great building which seemed to be all windows. Nevertheless, he walked straight up the steps, through the big glass door and into the lobby full of people. He even knew that they must go to the desk at the rear, and ask to see Grandfather. The trouble was that he did not know what name to ask for and neither did Kii or Daisy.

The lady at the desk was a Navajo and she was used to such problems.

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"They told us he was a singer," she said, "so we've put him down as Mr. Singer. He needs a first name for the records and he is from Pine Tree so we call him Pine Singer. Will that do?"

Kii looked amazed but impressed, too. He thought Pine Singer made a very fine English name.

They could not see Grandfather just then, for the doctor was with him. The lady called a pretty Navajo girl in a blue dress and white apron.

"Miss Bluesage is a nurse's aide," she explained. "She will show you around the hospital and then take you to the room."

Even Denny was awed at the great big, shiny place. The walls were in gay colors, green and pink, and blue. Through open doors, he could see windows with flowered curtains. And there were bathrooms! Kii stood gazing through the door of one. He murmured in Navajo, "There must be water enough here to dip all sheep in Navajo Land."

"Of course," said Miss Bluesage, laughing. "Every patient must have a bath everyday."

Kii thought about that. "Who sings for sick ones?" he asked. "Sick ones must have more than bath, more than medicine."

"Afraid we have no time to sing here," said Miss Bluesage. "You people at home must do that."

"How we know what sickness?"

Kii was looking at Denny. Denny saw that, for the first time, Kii had understood there were some things a medicine man could not do.

"Maybe a doctor could tell you," he dared to say.

"A bilagáana doctor?" Kii was looking puzzled and angry, too. He did not want to think that his people, with their great powers, could need any help from the Whiteskins, the not-People.

"I guess there could be doctors who are Navajo," said Denny. He dared not say that he himself had dreamed of being one.

They stepped into an elevator, then out again and down more shiny corridors. They passed an open door and saw a woman in a flowered bathrobe who smiled at them. She was sitting in an armchair. A tiny black-haired baby was cuddled against her.

Miss Bluesage said, "Many come here to have their babies."

Kii looked at the sleeping child and murmured, "Martha's baby cried a lot."

Miss Bluesage heard the Navajo words and told him, "It wouldn't if she'd had it here. Look!"

She threw open a door and they saw a tiny table with tiny chairs where children sat playing.

"One is deaf," said Miss Bluesage. "And one has a harelip. But they're not going to grow up that way. We'll cure them."

It all sounded so hopeful, as if nothing could go wrong in this big, bright place! Kii said slowly, "Can be deaf. Live with sheep, rocks, sky. All right."

Denny had been thinking about that, too, and remembering how he and Kii had looked at each other at the *hogan*. Each one had let the other see that he meant to be a healer. They had not seen ahead to all the puzzles and obstacles that would mean.

They took the elevator again, and again, they walked through corridors. They found the old man in a bright room with blue walls, where he and another man sat in armchairs. Grandfather smiled in a special way at Denny.

"*Shicheii* (my grandson)," he said. Denny understood that that was by way of thanks.

Kii stood looking around at the very clean room, with its white bed and little white tables with bottles on them.

"Is it good here?" he asked shyly.

"Very good." Grandfather was talking Navajo and Denny had to be told later what he said. "I feared this place built by strange people. I knew that many have died here and that makes it a place where no *Diné* should go. Now they have told me that medicine men of our own people came here when the walls were being built. They put corn pollen on them and sang as we do with our own *hogans* before we can live in them. So, I think it is safe."

Kii looked out of the window where he could see one of the hospital walls, four stories high and mostly glass. Perhaps he was wondering how such walls could be blessed like the wooden ones of a *hogan*. Grandfather was more willing to see change than his young pupil.

"True," he said, "these walls are not like the poles of our *hogans* brought by Mountain Woman, Water Woman and Corn Woman. But I think there are good women here." He looked down the corridor where Miss Bluesage had gone. "And good men. I see they have ways that help even a singer like me."

Kii said, "I wonder if I will need help." He looked at Denny.

Chapter Questions

1. About how long would Grandfather's operation take? How long would it take for him to recover?
2. In what ways is a singer or medicine man able to help his people?
3. Have you ever been a patient or visited in a hospital? Describe what it was like.
4. How did the people at the hospital decide on a name for Grandfather?

CHAPTER 10

Rico at Kintah

Navajo Words:

shik'is or sik'is - my friend

shitsi' - my daughter (father speaking)

nihik'is - our friend

shideezhí - my younger sister

One night, some weeks later, the Charlie family was at supper. Daisy was out as usual, so Denny and Eddie were the only young ones at home. It was Eddie who looked up to see a young man at the open kitchen door.

He was a handsome fellow, in stiff new blue jeans, a blue shirt and a string tie with a silver thunderbird. He must have been standing there some time without speaking, in the polite Navajo way. Eddie shouted in English,

"I know who he is, Pa. That's Kii's brother-in-law from the hogan place."

"Talk Navajo," said Hoskie. "Your mother is here." Then he asked politely, "They are well at the hogan?"

"They are well," said the young man. Then he went right to business, like a bilagáana. "I come looking for work."

He saw Hoskie looking surprised and went on quickly, "I'm Rico, the husband of Martha. I wish to live in a town and make money."

"Sit down and eat," said Little Woman as she put a soup bowl on the oilcloth-covered table.

Hoskie was used to employing men. He went on eating for a while, then he said, "You have been to school, I think?"

Rico smiled very nicely, "Not very much. My parents died when I was small and I wandered around. I have been to Gallup and Winslow and worked there."

Hoskie ladled soup into Rico's bowl and went on eating. Finally, he said, "What work?"

Now Rico took a little time to answer. "Street cleaning. Carrying water for the railroad workers."

Hoskie set down his soup bowl. "You had better go to school, shik'is (my friend)."

Then Rico began to talk. He was not all Navajo, one could see, for he could not speak Navajo well. Still, when he switched to English, he was not very good at that either. But he smiled nicely and talked as though he was making a speech at a meeting. He did not want to go to school. He was twenty-two years old and he had a wife and baby, with another coming. It was time for him to make money. He should not have to live in the back country with his wife's family.

"It's a crummy place back there," Eddie said to him, knowing that neither his father nor his mother would understand.

"It is bad," said Rico. Then he turned to Little Woman. "My wife will soon have her baby. She should go to the hospital. And she should live in a house. It is only right. And here, they tell me, the government puts up houses for Tribesmen, with no payment."

They talked about half the night. Then, with Little Woman and Eddie urging him, Hoskie decided he must help this son-in-law of his clansman, Cháala.

It was true, he told Rico, that a branch of the government, along with the Tribe, would help a working Navajo to put up a house. They would supply the lumber and the Navajo would do the work. If he did not know how, a carpenter would be appointed to teach him.

"I know how," boasted Rico. "I built the house where I live now." Hoskie had seen that house and thought it looked no better than a woodshed but he only nodded. He was going to have to help his clansman's daughter's man more than he had expected. For Rico would not be paid while building the house. The government would write down the number of days he worked and count them as pay for the house. When it was done, he would own it but meantime he would have no money. So he must live with the Charlie family.

Eddie was happy about that. He felt sure that Rico could tell him stories and show him tricks that were strange to the reservation. Hoskie and Little Woman were not so happy. They often talked to each other in low voices about whether they had made a mistake.

Work on the house went slowly, for Rico did not like to be taught. He thought the house should have been given to him without any work. In the end, he made so much trouble that the house turned out to be just a tar paper shack. Still, it had windows with glass in them. And there was a metal stove in the kitchen with a gas tank outside. But there was no plumbing. And no furniture.

Rico wanted to get the house furnished before Martha came. He had seen the bed in Hoskie's room which had a chenille cover, and asked where to buy one, (but a better one than that, he told Eddie). He had made some friends among the young men of Kintah. Three of them worked in garages and owned a truck together. One Saturday, they drove Rico to town in it. They came back with a big iron bed, with a mattress and a satin cover.

"It must cost money," Eddie said.

But Rico laughed. "You don't have to pay money right away. I gave your father's name and said I have a house and job."

"You don't have a job!" Eddie looked skeptical.

"I will. The boys will get one at the garage."

"Where are your pans for the stove?" asked Little Woman. She had come over to help clean up the rooms after the bed was brought in. Now she looked around the kitchen and saw not even a chair.

"Martha should bring the pans," said Rico.

They all knew that, at the hogan, there were no extra pans, only the few which Kii's mother needed for cooking.

"I will bring some pans," said Little Woman. "And my man will make you a chair and table. He has some scrap lumber."

Rico smiled at that. He knew people would help him.

The next Saturday, Hoskie drove Denny, Eddie, and Rico out to the *hogan* to bring Martha.

There were not many people at the *hogan* this late in the summer. Kii had gone with his father to pick beets. Martha and her child had come home to live. She looked very happy, sitting with Grandmother on a quilt, while Grandmother played with the baby.

"You had better take the quilt when you leave, *shitsi*' (clan brother's daughter)," Hoskie told her. "Your house is not all furnished yet."

When the time came for Martha to leave, Mother and Grandmother began loading her down with coverings and food until it looked as though they would empty the *hogan*.

"Enough, enough," said Hoskie. "The girl has a husband who will provide for her."

Martha had not said a word. She kept her forearm across her eyes as she carried things to the truck and Eddie begged, "Don't cry, Martha!"

Martha hurried around the truck with her back turned. Mother said, regretfully, "We thought she would live here by me all her life."

Grandmother murmured, "That Rico is not like our people."

At last, Martha, the child and the baggage were all in the truck. They rumbled away over the humps and weeds and Eddie talked all the way to Kintah. Martha never said a word.

Rico's house was some distance from the row of houses where Hoskie lived but Little Woman walked there every day to help Martha. One day when she came back, she was shaking her head. While she was at Rico's, Harrison, as Sanitation AideTechnician, had come to arrange about the pipes and the water, with a long paper for Rico to sign. Rico looked it over, then scowled and threw it down.

"It asks if I have ever had plumbing before!" he snarled. "Do I know how to keep it clean? What jobs have I had? Who are these people that ask a man questions before he can have a decent house?"

"It is the Public Health Service," said Harrison proudly. "They have put a water system in Kintah and turned it over to the Tribe."

"And the Tribe wants me to *pay* them? But I belong to the Tribe."

"They want you to dig the trenches for the pipes. And buy the fixtures and install them," explained Harrison.

"And then pay for the water?"

"Why not? These things cannot be done for nothing. They will help you if you are too poor to pay. But you must get a job. You must try to help yourself."

At this Rico got really angry. "I am just a poor Indian who has never had a chance. Wouldn't I like water, just like the *bilagáana* who always have it in their houses? Even our councilmen have it. Even you, who do not work but just go to college."

"I have a scholarship from the Tribe," said Harrison proudly.

"But they would not give me one. No one gives me anything. I am treated like a coyote!"

Seeing that it would do no good to talk any further, Harrison shrugged his shoulders and left. So from then on, Rico had to walk to the garage to bring pails of water back to the house.

Little Woman was still upset about the incident on the next Sunday, when Daisy came home.

Daisy called Saturday and Sunday, "the weekend" and expected everyone to have a holiday then. Hoskie was used to it and knew that his crew must be let off at that time. Little Woman thought it was very queer to stop always at the same time, and just for two days. She was used to stopping only for a sing and then taking as many as ten days to see friends and get new life.

"Isn't Martha settled yet?" asked Daisy.

"The new baby comes in three months," Little Woman frowned. "Nihik'is (our friend) seems not so well as when she had the other one."

A car horn tooted outside and Daisy dashed out. A young man from the office was driving her to Window Rock, to see a movie at the Civic Center. Little Woman looked very serious.

"My husband," she murmured to Hoskie, "I did not even speak to you until we were married, did I?"

Hoskie muttered, "Things are different now."

Eddie spoke up. "Oh, shádí (my older sister) knows how to behave."

"I hope so," whispered Little Woman. "I hope they taught her at school." She looked as worried as when she tried to count up how much she could spend at the store.

Hoskie had to see a man that evening, so he drove Eddie, Denny, and Little Woman over to stay with Martha.

It was still daylight when they went into the front room. There was nothing there but the bed, and it's satin cover was soiled and wrinkled where Martha had sat on it and where the baby's cradleboard had been laid.

"Come in the kitchen," said Martha, "to the chair."

The kitchen was clean but there were no shelves. Food and cans stood neatly in a corner. Little Woman looked out the door and saw quite a pile of cans. Yes, and bottles, too, and not all milk bottles, either. Martha saw her looking at them.

"Rico throws them there," she said. "He says this is our land. It is his right."

"At home, did you not bury things far away?" said Little Woman.

"Oh yes. But I did not know how to do it here. And Rico, ..."

They heard a truck outside and men's voices. Then someone stumbled among the cans. Rico burst in the door.

"Look out!" yelled Eddie. "You'll fall!"

"I don't fall," said Rico thickly, steadying himself against the kitchen door.

"Take him to bed, *shideezhí*, (my younger sister)," Little Woman told Martha, quietly. "I will hold the child."

"Tellin' her I'm drunk!" snarled Rico. "I'm not drunk! Anyway, I have a right."

He wobbled into the next room, then, and they heard him fall on the bed.

"The cover will be mussed," said Little Woman, starting up.

Martha shook her head.

"My man is better alone," she said. "The child and I will sleep here. We have quilts."

Little Woman was muttering to herself when she and the boys got into Hoskie's truck to return to their home.

"That man!" she told her husband. "The Councilor should speak to him! The Sanitation Aide should come! The Welfare Worker!"

The Sanitation Aide was the new one who would take Harrison's place. He did come, on a week night, when Rico was likely to be sober. Denny and Eddie went to show him the way. They found Rico and Martha in the kitchen using empty boxes as seats. The visitor was a polite young man. He had taken a training course and worked two years with a doctor. He kept his voice low as Navajo courtesy required.

"*Shik'is*," he said, looking out the kitchen door, "we have as yet no trash man here to carry away rubbish."

"You ought to have," said Rico. "When I came to live in a town I thought I should be cared for properly, like the *bilagáana*."

"Some day we may do that," said the visitor. "We are talking about a subscription - ."

"And you'd ask me to pay? At my wages!"

"You will make more, of course, as you learn a trade."

"And why should I not make more now? Look at the *bilagáana* who have houses here. Great big houses with bedrooms and garages. Am I not as good as they?" Rico grew angry and shouted at the visitor. "And you, too! I'll bet you don't have a nice big house! Of course not! You're just a Navajo!"

The visitor shuffled his feet. He was still young and could be embarrased. "I have not studied enough," he said.

"Study! It's stupid! They sit at a comfortable desk for years and then come holding their hands out for money. That is money that *we* should have! We Navajos!"

"I must go," said the visitor softly. "But I ask you, *shik'is*, please clean up your yard. It is unhealthy. And, it is a disgrace to our community."

“The community! They are not my relatives! And you aren't either!”

“No. But we all live together. That is -,” the visitor struggled over the word, then forced it out, “that is democracy.”

Eddie told his parents about the scene and they looked very grave.

“The poor girl,” said Little Woman. “She should go back to her mother.”

“She will not do that,” said Hoskie. ‘But I shall speak to my clan brother, Cháala, when he comes from the beet fields. And to her uncle who thinks about her. She has a younger brother called Kii. Perhaps he could come live with her. We have a school here, a public school where many kinds of people go. That will be good for him.”

“Whee!” Eddie had learned that expression at school. Then continuing in English for Denny's benefit, “You'll get Kii here!” Denny, who had caught only a word or two of the Navajo, perked up at this bit of news.

Hoskie was nodding his head. “He is not your relative,” he said in English, “but you must help him. Life here will be strange.”

“Sure,” said Eddie. “He's just a boy from the country. But I'll show him. Watch me!”

Excitedly, Denny began to form plans in his own mind as he looked forward to the fun he would have with Kii.

Chapter Questions

1. What is your impression of Rico?
2. Why did Rico want to live in town?
3. How does the government help a Tribesman who wants to put up a house?
4. What was Rico's house like when he quit working on it?
5. With no money, how did Rico buy the bed and bedspread? Do you know what "charge accounts" are? Why are they good? Why are they bad?
6. Why do you suppose the Tribe gave Harrison a scholarship, but would not give Rico one?
7. What do you think Little Woman thought of Rico? Why?
8. What does it mean to be drunk? What are the symptoms?
9. Why do people drink?
10. What do we mean when we say, "He is an alcoholic?"
11. Can alcoholism be cured? Have a class discussion.
12. Why wouldn't Rico clean up the yard?
13. What is democracy? How does it work for you?

CHAPTER 11

Rodeo

Navajo Words:

nínaaí - your older brother

Eddie came to supper one night waving a huge poster. It said RODEO in big red letters. The rodeo was to be held in ten days at Flat Rock, the big town down the highway.

"We can go, shizhé'é, can't we?" Eddie begged his father.

Daisy asked, "Is Joe going to ride?"

Eddie tried to read the small print, which was written in English. Eddie could talk English fast enough, but he was still not very good at reading in English.

"Let nínaaí, (your older brother) do it," suggested Daisy.

Denny's heart always beat faster when she gave him some little compliment like that. He still was afraid that the big girl would find him a nuisance in the family and would beg them to find someone else to speak English with her.

"Here is a name!" Denny read. "Joe Whitepoint."

"That's Kii's cousin," said Eddie. "You know. Lives across the ravine."

"And you met him at the sheep dip, remember?" said Daisy. She must have talked a good deal to Kii and Martha about that cousin, for she told the boys, "He doesn't care about anything but riding horses. You know his mother has some."

"And sheep," added Eddie.

"Oh yes. He takes sheep to summer pastures. The two families put theirs together. Kii or his uncle always goes with Joe in case he has to leave for a rodeo."

"Is that his job?" asked Denny. "All year round?" Denny was already thinking about the job he must train for. It had been on his mind ever since his visit to the hospital.

Hoskie had been listening. "Job!" he exclaimed. "That boy couldn't get a job. He never went to school!"

"His grandfather didn't want him too," said Daisy quickly. "Like Martha."

"He speaks English," explained Eddie, and added, "some."

Hoskie snorted. "Job English, that's all he knows. I've known boys like him before. If he'd had to go to the army like others his age, he'd have learned more."

"There was something wrong with his ear," said Daisy. And she was even smiling as though that was a fine thing. "He says it doesn't matter if he can't hear the sheep and horses very well, as long as they can hear *him*."

On the day of the rodeo, there was much excitement in the large group from Kintah as they all jumped into the truck that was to take them there. Denny was excited because he had never seen a rodeo.

Even Daisy and Eddie were not familiar with the fine points of the rodeo. They were more used to cars than horses.

At the rodeo grounds, they met Kii. Joe had arranged for him to be a helper at the corrals. He had been lifted into the saddle when he was two years old, and spoke of horses just as though they were people. Denny and Eddie looked at Kii with a new respect.

Soon Kii left Daisy, Denny and Eddie sitting on the bleachers. He went behind the fence and joined a group of riders who were squatting on their haunches discussing the coming events. The men were colorful in their bright shirts, their dogger ties, boots and big hats. On the fence were the saddles that would be used during the events.

Having caught a glimpse of the horses and smelled the exciting horsey smell, Denny and Eddie could not keep from thinking about how sure and familiar Kii was around the big jostling animals. "Maybe riding is just as hard as playing basketball," remarked Denny, who, because of the early injuries to his legs, found basketball very difficult.

"Or studying books," grinned Eddie, who was inclined to forget about his school work if there was a basket and a ball nearby.

Daisy had been looking about them. She was a little disappointed. "You know," she said, "this is only a little show. Not like the big rodeos where Joe usually rides." Since she had never seen Joe ride in a rodeo before, Denny wondered how she really knew. She must have learned a lot from Martha about Joe.

Still, Joe had the best place on the program. It was in the middle when the people had all arrived and no one had started to leave. Soon, though, excitement swept through the crowd as the first riders came out. The corral gate swung open and a wild-eyed, snorting horse burst out, bent into the shape of an upside-down U: head and tail down and back up. On the writhing back sat a man, holding onto the reins with his left hand and waving a big hat in his right.

They hardly had time to see that the first rider's shirt was blue, his hat black, and his horse a buckskin color before he was on the ground. But he was on his feet; he didn't even fall. The crowd shouted and cheered. The rider replied with a grin but Denny thought it was not a very happy one. Perhaps he had counted a good deal on this performance.

There were six riders before Joe and they took only a few minutes apiece. Eddie began to notice how they rode and what kind of bucking the horse did. He was soon talking as though he had been a rodeo expert all his life. Between events, a clown in baggy trousers and an old straw hat stumbled around, acting as if he were on horseback and falling off. Denny noticed that this same clown always appeared immediately after a rider was thrown, and tried to draw the attention of the horse to himself in order to give the fallen man a chance to get up and get away. Denny thought he took a lot of chances.

There was a little wait before Joe came, and Denny felt Daisy grab his arm and squeeze it. Joe's horse was a dark one, not brown paper colored or spotted like the others.

"Oh, it's too big!" cried Daisy. "This isn't fair."

But Joe looked easy. He sat in the saddle with confidence, colorful in his red shirt and waving a white hat, while the grunting horse bent into a hoop, bucked, reared, and twisted. The eight seconds in which a rider must stay on his horse were up. The crowd began to shout and Joe was smiling. Then suddenly, no one knew how it happened, he was on the ground. Denny had seen other riders get to their feet again, with a lightning quick wriggle, but Joe did not wriggle. He moved only a little, started to sit up, and then fell back. The clown raced out to distract the horse as men rushed to Joe. In a minute you could see nothing but their bending backs. Daisy was grabbing Denny's hand and biting her lip. The ambulance, which is always nearby at a rodeo, suddenly appeared. The men carefully lifted Joe on to a stretcher and put him in the ambulance, which, with a weird wailing sound and red light flashing, sped off the grounds to the hospital.

Daisy was stunned. There was a pause and Denny could hear the crowd breathing. Then the announcer, over the loud speaker, said, "Joe Whitepoint has been injured. We hope not seriously. The next rider will be..."

"We must find out!" cried Daisy suddenly coming to life. "Come on!"

"Nuts!" scoffed Eddie. "Those guys don't hurt themselves."

He stayed in the bleachers, but Denny answered the pull of Daisy's hand. He knew she was frightened, even while she was giving orders.

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They made their way behind the stock pens, through a yard full of tethered horses and gossiping men. Suddenly realizing she was the only female there, Daisy began to feel a little out of place.

"Maybe they don't talk Navajo," Daisy whispered. "You talk."

Denny was a little frightened himself, for he had never been this near horses. He and Daisy kept edging along the side of the corrals, walking behind groups of men. Then they saw Kii. The matron of the Home could not have looked more important to Denny than that twelve year old boy, carrying the two galvanized iron pails.

"Kii! Kii!"

Kii stopped and Daisy ran to him. "Joe! Tell me. Is Joe....?"

"Hurt. Bad." said Kii. He touched his knee, then his shoulder. "Ambulance come. Take him to hospital."

A man walked past them and said kindly, "Hard on old Joe. Guess he won't do no ridin' no more." He shook his head as he walked on.

Daisy began to cry softly and Denny tried to comfort her as he led her back to the bleachers.

They didn't wait for the end of the rodeo, but went straight to the PHS hospital. It seemed a long time before the bilagáana doctor came out to tell them what was wrong with Joe. He had a smashed kneecap, fractured ribs, and a concussion. It would be a long time before he would leave the hospital.

Chapter Questions

1. Have you ever been to a rodeo? Describe it.
2. Are Navajo rodeos different from bilagáana rodeos?
3. What is a concussion?

CHAPTER 12

School

Navajo Words:

hataałii bicheii - The Singer, his grandson   bá'ólta'í - teacher
ginítsoh - large hawks

When school began in the fall, Denny already could talk enough Navajo so that he did not always need to be with Daisy or Eddie. He was still a little afraid of both of them; of Eddie because he laughed at Denny's mistakes, of Daisy because she expected too much.

The one he really wanted for a friend was Kii. The two boys had not talked much because Kii knew so little English and Denny so little Navajo. Still, it seemed that just by standing side by side they could tell each other that they felt the same way. Denny could almost imagine that he had been brought up in Kii's hogan. He knew how the sky looked there, in the morning and at night. He could remember the light from the smokehole and the shine of the lamp. He knew what colors Kii liked and what songs, because he liked the same things.

Kii, who was living with Martha, came to the Charlie House on the morning that school was to open and the three boys walked together to the great spreading green elementary school building. There were bilagáana, children of teachers and officials. There were a few Spanish-American children whose families had come for special jobs. There was one boy whose family had moved in from the Zuñi Pueblo, and there were Navajos of all kinds. All the Indian children had the cleanest shirts and dresses. Denny learned that, after school starts, the children's measurements are taken and clothing needed is supplied by the Tribe.

Eddie left the other two boys at the door and went off, shouting, to join boys he knew. Denny and Kii had to register as new students. Denny, at least, knew something about registering. He could fill out the blank and write Denny Lincoln in a clear hand. Kii had learned to write during his one year at school, but he had never been sure what his last name should be. Denny suggested Cháala, but that shocked Kii. "My father not in our clan," he objected.

"Well, what's your mother's last name?"

Kii could not think of any. Finally he said, "My grandfather is great man. I will say hataałii bicheii, (The Singer, his grandson)."

"That's rather long," said the lady who was taking names. "I'll leave out the first part, that's too hard to write. We'll call you Kii Bishey." So Kii had a name, that, perhaps, would last him for life.

Much to Kii's dismay - and Denny's - Kii had to be put in classes with children much younger than himself. "Not stay there long," he told Denny. "Can study hard when I want. Now I want."

After registration came the health inspection by the nurse and dentist. Denny had been inspected so often that he went through it hardly noticing. Kii, however, was offended when the dentist found he had a broken tooth. He had to sit in the big chair the dentist had in his van and let the man reach into his mouth to pound and dig. Kii hated that, even though his looks were improved with the cap on his tooth. Also, he did not like being told that his family at home should not sleep on sheepskins because they had ticks and lice.

"Those things not matter," he told Denny. "Shicheii say if we live in right way with sky and earth and all in them, we not be sick, and ticks not hurt us. He say not living in right way make people sick."

Denny thought there must be more to health than being in tune with nature. He was beginning to be sure that doctoring was what he wanted to study. Still, a wise man like Grandfather could not be wrong. He kept that question to think about.

For now, the subject he and Kii both liked was language. The school had classes in English for non-English speakers, and in Navajo for the bilagáana, or anyone else who wanted to learn the language of the People.

On the first day, Denny sat with Kii in the English class because Kii felt very strange. The bilagáana teacher was pointing to herself and saying, "I".

"That's shí," Denny whispered.

She pointed to the class. "You."

"You! That's ni," explained Denny. He was proud that he knew the Navajo words.

Then the bá'ólta'í (teacher) pointed to Denny. "He!" and to a girl, "She!"

"Why 'he', 'she'?" muttered Kii. "Navajos not do that."

Denny ducked his head and grinned.

It was even worse when bá'ólta'í got to we, us and they. Kii did not see why there must be different words for everyone. As for him and his, her and hers, Kii thought one word ought to do for all of them. Who cared whether it was a boy or girl or a lot of boys or girls who were doing things? What you wanted to know was what was being done. Just the same, when Denny had written it all down, Kii went home with the paper in his hand saying over and over again, "He, she, it. He, she . . ."

Navajo seemed just as hard for Denny, when his first lesson came the next day. He thought this a strange language where making your voice go up instead of down could change the meaning of a word!

"It's loco!" said the Spanish-American boy who sat next to him. "All these gulps and gargles! I feel like a dog sneezing!" That boy dropped out after the first week, but Denny kept on.

He soon found that speaking the language was not as hard for him as he thought it was going to be, partly because he had been learning it and hearing it from the Charlie family all summer. Writing it was more difficult, however. There were so many strange marks to make, and if you left a mark off, you could be writing a word you didn't mean to write. No one in the Charlie family could help him either, because none of them could read or write Navajo.

"Didn't have to," said Hoskie. "Cause we didn't write in old days."

Bá'ólta'í said that Navajo had never been written until 1911 when bilagáana Franciscan Missionaries at St. Michael's, Arizona worked it out. They used English letters, but with all those funny marks and breaks that Denny found so hard to learn.

He kept practicing his writing, though, and speaking Navajo whenever he could. Then he would ask Eddie if he had gotten the sounds right, but Eddie would only laugh at him. "When there are more factories around here," he said, "no one will use anything but English. That's all you have to learn."

Eddie himself did not learn to read or write English very well. He said the only important words were the 'work words' like cost, percentage, inches, pounds. Still, some of the students wrote poems in English. They brought the feeling of Navajo right into their new language. One said:

> Smoke comes from our smokehole.
> I see it pale against the sky.

Denny could not create poems like that and he could not draw very well either. He had spent too much time reading and no one, either at the hospital or the Home, had ever helped him or encouraged him to be creative. Now all he wanted was books that would tell a boy what he must know before he could be a doctor. But Kii could draw, and without being taught. Sometimes, bá'ólta'í gave out crayons or charcoal and told the children to make any picture they liked. Kii liked to draw a hogan with rocks behind it, and sheep and a shepherd. Sometimes he put a sun over it, like a cross with rays coming from it. Sometimes there was a rainbow.

"I would like to draw Father Sun and Mother Earth as shicheii told me," he said. "But that is only for ceremonies. Someday I will be telling the sand painters how to do it."

Denny said thoughtfully, "Our school books say the earth goes around the sun."

Kii was shocked. "It can't be," he reasoned, "because we know how the Sun Children went to see their father. They found his house just at the end of the earth. He had one at the east and one at the west, so shicheii says." Kii's English and Denny's Navajo were improving fast enough so that the boys had little difficulty talking with and understanding each other anymore. They talked to each other in both English and Navajo.

"It must have been a miracle," said Denny. "Do you think we can ask your grandfather about it, when winter comes and it is time for telling stories?"

"We must ask him," said Kii seriously. "You know, he is going to teach me to be a singer and I must do it because he has no one else. But I could not sing unless I believed every word of the chants."

Denny wanted to believe, too, but he was puzzled about how to do it. He kept on getting books from the school library about the sun and the stars and the earth. He wondered if grown-up doctors who knew all these things would also know what to think about the

Sun Children and the cures that seemed to come from them. Kii kept on drawing his sun and rainbows, and didn't seem to be troubled at all.

Late in the fall, there was an exhibition of paintings from the Elementary School and High School together. Kii took the prize for the Elementary School. At the High School, the star artist was Duncan Brodie, Harrison's younger brother. Duncan was in Daisy's class. She said he could draw a horse with its mane flying like foxtail grass caught in the wind. The sheep he drew, she insisted had such sweet faces, you would think they could sing. Duncan's teachers wanted him to go, next year, to the big art school at Santa Fe for all Indians. Duncan's classmates could not see that. He was captain of the High School basketball team. They wanted him to get a scholarship to college, play in some big games and be famous. He might even turn into a professional and get rich.

Eddie hoped to do that very same thing when he was older. He spent all his spare time practicing basketball, and he taught Kii.

At first, Kii had run in the wrong direction two or three times and the other boys had shouted at him. Kii was not used to being shouted at and he stood still, glaring. Then Eddie told him, "You must not run toward your own goal. If you have the ball and you cannot throw it to their basket, throw it or pass it to someone else on your team, or dribble it nearer their basket." He showed Kii how to dribble the ball down the court in short bounces. Kii soon became very good at the game. Eddie wanted to practice all the time, because he planned to be captain of his high school team one day. It turned out that Denny was too slow because of the scars on his legs, so he became manager of the Elementary School team. Eddie kept lecturing Denny about how he should practice more and get stronger. He took Denny to the High School gymnasium to watch the big boys play. When Duncan came over in the evening to talk to Daisy, Eddie always sat and watched him. Duncan wanted to tell about how well Harrison was doing at college, but Eddie kept stopping him to ask questions about basketball.

"Your team ought to have a color and a mascot," he told Duncan one night. "Even if the team is new. Don't you want to be famous?"

Both Duncan and Daisy thought that was a good idea. One of their classmates had a trained hawk which could be their mascot, and they decided to call the team the Kintah Hawks (ginítsoh) because the hawk is swift and strong. The school colors of blue and white would stand for the sky in which the hawk flies. They would play with other high school teams and have some cheerleaders.

Duncan told the team about it and the High School classes elected Daisy as head cheerleader. The cheerleaders, all girls, would wear short white skirts, white tennis shoes, and blue sweaters, because these were the school colors. Every morning before breakfast, Denny saw Daisy in the backyard jumping up and down and waving her arms as she was going to do at the games. And every afternoon after school, the girls practiced together, until they could all do exactly the same movements at exactly the same time.

They learned to make their movements fit the rhythm of the cheers, which Denny made up. He had heard more rhymes even than

Daisy. His cheers were:

Kintah Hawks!
Swift and Strong!
Hold'em back
Where they belong!
Yea - Kintah!
Rah, Rah, Rah!

AND

Hawks! Hawks!
Fly high!
Raise that score
To the sky!
Yea - Kintah!
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Chapter Questions

1. How did Kii get his bilagáana name?
2. Where did you get your surname from?
3. How did Kii's and Denny's ideas about health and sickness differ? How do you think they might have been alike?
4. Does anyone in the class speak a second language? How old were they when they learned it? Discuss the difficulties in learning a second language.
5. Find out how to say "hello", "school", "boy", "girl", "mother", "father", other words in different languages.
6. How did Denny's and Kii's ideas about the sun and earth differ?

CHAPTER 13

The Wingate Game

Navajo Words:

(No new words)

The High School basketball team at Kintah had an engagement to play the government high school at Fort Wingate. This was the biggest game of the season for Kintah and for a week before the game there was not much studying done. People were making blue banners with Kintah printed in white letters. They were getting blue sweaters, or at least, blue armbands. Kintah had no band, yet, but at least they could practice the cheers. Everywhere through the school corridors and down the street you heard:

Kintah Hawks!
Swift and strong!
Hold'em back
Where they belong!

or

Hawks! Hawks!
Fly high!
Raise that score
To the sky!

Two busses were to go from Kintah, carrying all who wanted to go from the Elementary and High Schools. More than that, Hoskie had the day off and was going in his own car. He pretended he did not like to see his daughter jumping up and down in a very short skirt. Really, he and Little Woman would not have missed it.

School was dismissed at 10:00 A.M. that Friday, and the day was perfect as the busses went off with everybody shouting and singing. The singers had grown a little restless by the time the busses rolled off the highway toward the green hills which hid the big government school. They got more excited as they went on through the school grounds. There seemed to be acres of land, crossed by cement walks. Here and there the walks centered in long businesslike buildings. Over all rose the rounded white roof of the gymnasium.

Even Eddie was impressed. "Buildings for language! Science! Mechanics! They must get good jobs after all this," he said. "And dormitories for girls, boys and mixed. I wonder how many there are here."

"Usually a thousand," someone told him. "But there's room for all of Kintah to stay overnight."

They were taken into a dormitory with carpeted corridors and pretty bedrooms with four bunks apiece. They lunched in a cafeteria big enough to hold half the Kintah street. Daisy could not take her eyes off the streams of girls in bright short dresses, just like those in the mail order catalogs. Kii screwed up his eyes and asked, "Do they wear those clothes at home in the hogans?"

"Oh," said the girl who was guiding them, "most of these young people don't come from hogans. That way of living has gotten pretty old fashioned, you know."

Kii said no more but Denny asked, "Where do all these people come from?"

"From all over the reservation. The government sends them because perhaps there is no high school where they live."

Denny thought you could hardly say the government was doing nothing for Indians.

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The game started at two, in the gymnasium. That was the grandest place Denny had ever seen. It was as long and wide as the cafeteria but higher. Around the walls were tiers of benches and they seemed to be filled with Navajos.

"They say people have come from everywhere to see this game," Daisy said proudly. Then the Wingate band came marching in, in their green and orange uniforms. Daisy went to stand with the other cheerleaders in front of her own people and started cheering.

The Kintah team played their hearts out in the game. Duncan was everywhere, jumping, ducking, reaching. His hands, which were so good at the art work, could grab the ball out of the air, throw it, dribble it and be on hand to grab it again.

Just before the buzzer sounded for the half, Duncan made a basket which put Kintah ahead, 40-38. Then blue and white changed sides with green and orange and their luck changed, too. In the third quarter, Kintah pulled ahead 56-46, but in the fourth quarter, Wingate caught up, and although Kintah made a few baskets, the game ended in a tie.

The crowd was in such an uproar, the cheerleaders could not be heard. Now the game would have to go into overtime. The automatic 3-minute break gave the breathless players a chance to rest. Still, you could see that they were ready to go on, as soon as possible. No one had been put out of the game, though almost every player had made two or three fouls. Duncan had four and Denny wondered why he had not many more, since a foul was called when a player did unnecessary touching, and the most active players were always

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bumping into each other

The three minute overtime began. On both sides, people were standing up and shouting. The benches looked like a sea of waving arms. Suddenly everything stopped. Foul!! Duncan, while running, had pushed against a Wingate man. It seemed that all the Kintah section sank down like a blanket raised up by the wind and then let drop. Duncan was out. The fouled Wingate man had a chance to throw for the basket. The crowd held its breath as the fouled player began his free throw. He stood there as though he were giving instructions to the ball. Suddenly the ball arched into the air and danced undecidedly around the rim of the basket. One could feel tense silence in the gym and Denny found the suspense almost unbearable. Then the moment came - the ball fell through the basket, signaling the end of the game and Wingate's victory. The roar that shook the building, some say, could be heard in Gallup.

"Rah, Rah, Rah!" called Daisy, as she tried to rally her disappointed classmates. "Shout for Kintah, we'll make it the next time."

The Kintah boys and girls were quiet when they walked into the cafeteria for supper. After supper there were movies and dancing in that gymnasium which had looked so sad that afternoon. Daisy was soon dancing and whirling that white skirt around. Denny and Kii sat in a corner to watch and soon they began to look at some posters on the wall behind them.

Kii liked the pictures which showed men sitting at machines or swinging hammers. Some were sitting at desks or pointing out work to other men. Denny began to read the print under the pictures.

"OPPORTUNITY!" it said.

"Young People! Choose the Training for Your Career."

Denny dared to ask a Wingate boy near them what this meant. "It was from last week," the boy said. People from colleges and business firms as far away as California had come to tell the students where they could go after graduation. You could train as a carpenter, a welder, a mechanic. You could learn scientific farming, business management, and hotel keeping.

"Ha!" said Eddie who had come up. "That's for me!"

Soon some of the Kintah people were moving along the walls, memorizing the names of businesses which would pay an employee while learning.

There were notices of colleges, too. Young Navajos who finished high school could go to study in New Mexico, Arizona, even California and Colorado. There was a new Community College in Arizona run by the Navajos. It taught Navajo history in the People's language

"That's what I'd like," thought Denny. "It might make me feel more like a Navajo."

Daisy said, "These jobs are all for 'high school graduates. I wonder what there is for a man who has never been to school."

Denny wondered why she should be thinking about that, with Duncan right beside her. Then he remembered Joe, who had never been to school, but who could never ride in a rodeo again.

The bus for Kintah left early the next morning. Hoskie had told his children that he was staying with a clan brother nearby and would not leave until noon. They might wait and ride with him if they liked. So Daisy and Eddie spent Saturday morning walking around the Wingate campus, hearing about dances and plays, about exhibitions of painting and prizes for poetry by students. Half the people at this big high school seemed to be going to college.

It was Saturday afternoon before the Charlie family started for home. Kii and Denny were crowded in the back seat with Daisy and Eddie.

Now they were in Gallup, edging along in the crowded traffic.

"Look!" said Eddie. "Right there in the sidewalk."

There was a man on the sidewalk, sprawled out as though he were dead. Hoskie looked away with a grunt, but Denny stared in horror. He had never seen a drunken man. He had never thought of what happened to people without jobs.

Suddenly Daisy screamed, "Stop!"

"Can't," said Hoskie. "Traffic."

"Let me out of this car!"

Daisy sounded so wild that Hoskie did manage to swing the car toward the curb in a loading zone. Little Woman said something which must have meant, "My daughter, don't be foolish!"

Daisy did not answer. She jumped before the car had really stopped. It was Eddie who cried, "It's Joe!"

Then Hoskie was out, too, the car rolling to a stop with its wheels on the curb.

Daisy was crying, "We must get him in the car. Oh, do you think he's hurt?"

"Not hurt," said Hoskie. "Smell."

Denny had not known what cheap wine smelled like but he learned that day. He, Eddie and Kii all took hold of Joe's feet while Hoskie lifted his shoulders. Somehow they got him in the car beside Little Woman. Then Hoskie squeezed in and took the wheel. Joe *was* hurt, as well as drunk. There was blood on his clothes. Daisy said through her tears, "We must take him to the hospital, *shizhé'é*. Oh, I hope he's not dead!"

Chapter Questions

1. What bothered Kii about the dress of the Wingate girls?
2. How did Kintah lose the game?
3. Where are the Navajo colleges located? Is there one near you? How might they be different from other colleges?

CHAPTER 14

"Joe"

Navajo Words:

(No new words)

It was a week before they could see Joe at the hospital. Daisy had kept begging Hoskie to drive her in on the following Saturday. Hoskie consented, and Eddie and Denny went, too. Denny was finding out that Navajos never went out in the car alone. They took as many of the family as possible. Kii went too, because he was Joe's cousin and perhaps the doctors would talk to him. One kind doctor did.

"This man has been our patient before," confided the doctor. "After a rodeo accident. "Got a smashed knee cap and some other fractures. We let him out but he must have started drinking hard. Several weeks ago he was brought in drunk and he must have been in a fight then, too. We've patched him up before. He'll be out again in a few days."

"Will he be able to ride again?" asked Daisy.

The doctor told them that Joe would never be able to ride in a rodeo again. He couldn't bend his knee much or press it against a horse.

"The trouble is," explained Daisy, "he hasn't been able to find another job."

"Except drinking," said Eddie.

The doctor shook his head. "Better see the social worker about that. We try."

They went upstairs to find Joe in a pleasant room with four beds. He was the only man there but the nurse's aide who guided them said, "Other beds 'll be full by Sunday."

Joe was not the strong man they had seen at the sheep dip and the rodeo. His cheeks looked hollow and his eyes were sunken and glazed.

"Going back to the hogan soon?" he asked Kii. "Tell 'em I'm leaving the reservation. Going off somewhere."

"But what will you do?"

When Daisy spoke she had forgotten that she didn't know Joe very well. He looked at her listlessly and shrugged, "Doesn't matter. I'm finished."

"Shizhé'é", Daisy said to Hoskie, "He must come and stay with us."

Hoskie nodded. He was used to having his house filled with friends and relatives just as it had been in the old hogan days. If some of them had to sleep on the floor, they did not mind.

Joe shook his head. "You don't want..."

"We'll come and get you," Daisy interrupted. "We'll find out what day you're to leave."

Joe did not say anymore. He looked as if he would go to sleep and forget them, so they quietly left. They went down in the elevator and through a long corridor. As they walked along, a door opened and a young man in a white coat came out. He stopped them.

"I'm Mr. Smithson, the social worker in charge of alcoholism," he told them. "The doctor told me about you. Please come in a minute."

"Going to scold us because we brought in a drunken Navajo?" said Eddie, crossly. He tried to pull away but Daisy had already walked in to the office, with the social worker. The others followed and seated themselves. The young man was talking.

"Alcoholism can be cured, you know," he was saying. "That is, if the drinker wants to be cured."

"Of course Joe will want to!" exclaimed Daisy.

Eddie said, "Oh yeah!" under his breath. Hoskie sat shaking his head.

"She - he - not drink much before," said Kii.

Then the young social worker talked to them very earnestly, telling about the antabuse cure. "But a man has to want to," he repeated.

A few days later they learned by telephone that Joe was ready to leave. It was a week day and Hoskie was busy, but Harrison was home for semester break. He borrowed a car again and took Daisy and the boys to Gallup. Harrison had joined a church and did not drink. Still, he smiled politely when Daisy told him about Joe's trouble. "I guess some do," he said.

He waited in the car while the others went to Joe's room. They found the social worker there with a little bottle of pills in his hand.

"I've been talking to him," said Mr. Smithson. "I've told him he must want to be cured."

"Why should I be cured?" said Joe. "What for?"

Daisy forgot again that Joe did not know her very well. She talked as though she was his sister, his mother, his grandmother.

Denny could not see just how she did it, but when they left, Joe had the bottle of pills in his hand. He was to take one every day and, of course, he must not drink. After about a week, he must come back to the hospital for a test. They would offer him a little wine so that he could find out for himself how sick he would be if he drank while taking antabuse. From then on, it would be up to Joe.

"Does anybody really get cured?" asked Harrison, when they told him.

"The social worker says maybe a fifth of the people," said Daisy.

Harrison bent over the wheel and said nothing all the way home.

Those next few days were hard on the family. Of course no liquor was sold on the reservation. Joe had no way of getting it home unless someone gave him a ride. But friends kept coming to ask for him, and Daisy and Little Woman wondered if they had bottles under their coats. Most of the time, they kept Joe in the kitchen with the family around him. Eddie always sat close, asking questions about riding and the pay a rider got. Once in a while, when Kii came over, he put in a word about how the family would like to see Joe. Most of the time, Joe sat glum, without talking.

The week ended. This time, Harrison was busy and Hoskie had to take the day off because Daisy had made such a point of it.

"I stopped drinking long ago," grumbled Hoskie. "And no pills either."

"Shizhé'é", said Daisy, "you had a job. And a wife."

Joe looked up at that. "Some men can get jobs," he said. "Some can't."

Joe passed the alcohol test. He really had not had any liquor for over a week.

"Now it will be easier," said Mr. Smithson. "Go apply for a job. On the application write that you are not a drinker."

"Where shall he apply?" asked Daisy.

Mr. Smithson was delighted to have people so ready to take his advice. He told them about the ONEO, the Office of Navajo Economics Opportunity, and Daisy wrote it down. She wanted Hoskie to drive them to the office at Fort Defiance immediately but Hoskie had had enough of being pushed around. This time it was Duncan Brody who volunterred to drive them. Duncan had his driver's license and he and three other boys had bought an old car. He said it stopped every now and then and he had to put it together with wire, but that was not hard. It would last until he went to school at

Santa Fe.

"Do they play basketball there?" asked Joe. He was envious of all people who did athletic things.

"Basketball's too risky," said Duncan. "Look what happened at Wingate. Anyway, you couldn't play it all your life. But you can always make pictures."

"If you begin young," said Joe. "I never began anything but riding."

They came to Fort Defiance, where the new little houses were spread out regular and bright as fields of vegetables. There was one section for public school people and another for those in the government. There were no *hogans*. The car turned down a road between buildings, old and new. The Office of Navajo Economic Opportunity was a long low one with a sign on the door. Daisy had trouble getting Joe in at all. Finally Duncan pushed him. Joe did not want to answer the questions asked by the young man in charge. Had he been to school? Did he speak English? What work had he done? Joe was used to being almost like a chief when the people knew he was the great rodeo star. When the young man said: "We try to get something for all unemployed people," he shut up and would not say a word.

The others managed to tell his history and finally they got hopeful news. Joe could go to school at Coyote Canyon which prepared "unemployables" for work. His board would be paid. He could practice English and the local chapter alcoholic worker would visit him.

Joe said a word in English which made the young man look up quickly and raise his eyebrows.

Daisy told him, "Of course, we'll be thinking about you all the time. And you'll come to our house as soon as you're through, won't you?"

Joe looked at her a while, opened his mouth, shut it, opened it again. Then he said, "Yeah."

Chapter Questions

1. Why do you think Joe was becoming an alcoholic?
2. What did Mr. Smithson tell the Charlie family?
3. What is the "antibuse test"?
4. What is ONEO? Are there offices around here? Where?
5. What courses does the ONEO offer? Find out.
6. How was Joe going to be helped?

CHAPTER 15

Kii and Martha

Navajo Words:

shik'éí bitsi' - daughter of my clansman
hataałii - a singer
shizhé'é yázhí - my uncle--little father
bicheii - his grandfather (maternal) or his grandson
(daughter's son)

Kii had been living with Martha for some time now. The second bedroom of her house had never been built, so Kii slept on the kitchen floor. It was no harder than the hogan floor at home, but it had no smokehole where he could see the sky. The kitchen window looked out on a yard full of cans and bottles. Kii tried to clean them up in his spare time, but Rico always threw out more.

One night, Cháala stopped in to see his daughter and he had to sleep on the floor, too. Cháala had finished his summer's work with the harvesting crew and Hoskie was driving him back to the hogan the next day. Hoskie, arriving early with his truck, looked at the unfinished house and at the mess in the yard. He asked, "What job does your husband do, shik'éí bitsi' (daughter of my clansman)?"

"He will have a fine one very soon, shizhé'é yázhí (my uncle - little father)."

Cháala said sadly, "We thought you would always live near your mother's hogan. Your man could have helped with the sheep and the garden. Perhaps he would have a summer job like me. Then we would all have had enough."

"Rico could not live like that," said Martha, almost whispering.

Cháala nodded. "That is what happens when people give up the old ways. Then they need money and that means trouble."

"You'd better give up the old ways, yourself, shik'is," said Hoskie. "Take one of those government courses and learn how to raise food for sale."

"Food for sale?"

"They teach that up at Many Farms," said Hoskie. He went all over the reservation and knew everything.

Cháala said, "It is far. My wife would not like to leave her hogan and her people."

"Well, your boy had better learn something then," said Hoskie.

"My boy will be hataałii (a singer). Bicheii (his grandfather) teaches him."

"No money in that either," grumbled Hoskie. "People these days go to the bilagáana doctor."

Kii looked serious at that. He had thought his life work was all decided and that being a singer was the best work in the world. He thought about it again in the days that followed.

One day when Kii came home from school, he found a strange lady talking to Martha in the kitchen.

She was speaking English very slowly and smilingly.

"You see," she was saying, "this flame on your stove is gas. And gas costs money."

Martha nodded. She knew that all too well.

"So you should not let it burn all day," said the lady.

Martha murmured, "It was soup."

The lady had to think about that, then she explained, "Oh yes. And soup needs to simmer all day. It can do that on ashes. Or on the back of a wood stove. But not here."

Martha nodded again. Her head was turned away and Kii could see that she was crying.

"You can buy soup in a can," said the lady, "and we'll teach you how to use your gas stove." She saw that Martha's face was still turned away and said gently, "You will soon learn to do things in this new way."

Martha burst out, "I am woman with husband. I have baby. Soon babies. How can I learn?"

"Why easily! I can bring you a book." She saw that that would not do. "Or we have a class, a class for housewives, starting this winter."

Martha just looked at her and Kii broke in, "Yes, she will go to class."

"Good," said the lady. "I'm the Home Extension Worker and I'll come again. Maybe you can talk for me."

"Sure," said Kii, telling himself that he must learn words about cooking before that happened. "He - she not dumb. Lived in hogan. Knows to chop wood, make fire, maybe kill rabbit."

"I should say she isn't dumb," said the lady laughing. "Now you get ready for that cooking class, Mrs. ---"

"Mrs. Bishay," said Kii, using his own bilagáana name.

When she had gone, Martha, wiping her eyes, said to Kii in Navajo, "But that name you gave me does not tell who is my grandfather."

"Bilagáana don't care," said Kii, firmly. "You know, shádí (my older sister), you must go to school."

The tears were still on Martha's face. How pretty she was, thought Kii, an idea that had never come to him before. He remembered how Martha at home, had been the admired, the brightest one in the family. She was the oldest and had never been to school. The family never thought about it when she was little. And she never took to weaving as Green Girl did. But Martha could always go out and dig up some roots for food. She knew the plants almost as well as Grandfather. And Kii had not lied about her killing rabbits. She used to snare them, and quail, too.

"Yes, shádí. You should go to school," said Kii. "I have found it a good thing."

Martha really laughed then. And Kii had not seen her laugh since he came to Kintah.

"I will my younger brother, shitsilí," replied Martha. "I will."

But Martha did not have a chance to go to school that year, because Rico went away and did not come back. They heard that he and his friends had set up a garage at the edge of the reservation. Then they heard that the garage had failed and that the men were gone.

Hoskie helped Martha to get aid for dependent children from the government. The Tribe sent a welfare worker, too, and sometimes there were commodities distributed at the chapter house. Each month, Martha told Kii hopefully that, soon, they would no longer need such help. But every month they did, for they never saw Rico again.

Chapter Questions

1. What was wrong with Martha's house?
2. What "food for thought" did Hoskie give Cháala?
3. How was the Home Extension Worker trying to help Martha?
4. After Rico left and didn't come back, how did Martha get help?

CHAPTER 16

The Navajo Fair

Navajo Words:

Dinétah - Navajoland
chidí - car
shich'é'é - my daughter (mother speaking)
shizeedí - my cousin
shidá'í - my brother's son - nephew
shiyáázh - my son (mother speaking)

It was September of the next year and the great Tribal event of the year was due - the Navajo Fair. For one day at least, work would close down everywhere on the reservation. Schools and colleges would excuse their Navajo students. From all over the fifteen million acres of Dinétah (Navajoland), the People would gather. Around Window Rock, the Tribal capital, the campfires would flicker. Sitting in the shelter of their trucks, cars, and tents, friends and relatives would pass the coffee pot around and tell the news.

Hoskie had borrowed the road company's big truck. In it was all his family, including Little Woman who had been persuaded to compete in the fry bread contest. Martha was there, too, with her little boy who would soon be ready for Head Start school. Martha had meant to go back to her family, but when her second baby was born, the poor little thing had a harelip.

"Probably comes from malnutrition before she was born," said the doctor. Indeed, poor Martha had been undernourished after Rico left. The big hospital could take care of the little girl so she would not be ugly. But Martha must stay near. Martha was so used to the hospital and so good with children that they were thinking of training her as a nurse's aide.

Kii had gone back to his family for the summer, taking some old English textbooks with him, but Denny was still with the Charlie family. The church had offered to pay his board for another year, since his health was improving so much. What would happen after that? Denny was beginning to be sure that he wanted to be a doctor, but a doctor in that rainy eastern city? He was the only person in the Charlie family not talking about plans for the future.

They had arrived a day early and gotten a good camping place. Between the nearby buildings of Window Rock, across the road, they could catch a glimpse of the window rock itself, pink, with blue sky shining through it. Little Woman had barely gotten the blankets and food unpacked when a truck drew up beside them.

"What a rattletrap!" sniffed Eddie. Then he shouted: "Kii!"

Kii jumped down from the little old truck, which was shabby indeed. Then Hoskie shouted, "Yá'át'ééh, shik'is!" and Cháala clambered down to stand smiling before them. After him came Green Girl, then his wife, Singer's Daughter, and then Grandfather and Grandmother. The Mother-in-Law Taboo had been relaxed on this occasion, and Grandmother had not been asked to stay home alone. Besides, Cháala told them, in his slow, smiling way, her heart was not good. At the clinic, they had told her to have an examination at the big hospital. As for Grandfather, one eye had been operated on and was fine. The other eye was recently operated on and would soon be uncovered.

He looked at Denny with a long smile and said, "My little doctor."

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Little Woman had the fire going by the time the greetings were over. Daisy got out the coffee pot and the metal cups and drew the water from the barrel they had brought. Hoskie sat down with Cháala to hear about the truck. Cháala said he had gotten tired of being so far from Martha and the hospital where Grandfather and Grandmother needed to go. He had taken most of his harvest money and bought this "chidí".

"You won't have much money left," said Hoskie.

Cháala had been thinking about that. "I must earn more than I do harvesting," he said. "While I am here, I will find out what to do."

Night was coming and Little Woman got out her sack of flour. She had brought enough ingredients to make fry bread to last the family all the days of the fair and there were canned beans to go with it. Singer's Daughter, Kii's mother, brought her share of fry bread, along with some ears of corn from her garden, to be roasted. The coffee pot was filled over and over again, with the same grounds. The sky turned blue-black. The stars began to show, first white, then golden.

"Wonder who else is here," said Daisy. "Let's go and see, younger brothers, (shitsilí)."

Denny and Eddie both leaped up. They were as tired of sitting still as Daisy was. Just then, they heard the friendly, rattling sound of an old car. Duncan Brody leaned out the front window and waved at them. Harrison was in front with him and the back was filled with young men. No car could come to the Fair bringing only two people. Harrison came over with an armful of cokes.

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"Hi Daisy," he said and sat down. So Daisy sat down. It took a short time for the bottles to be emptied. Then Harrison said to Daisy, "Want to walk around and see the setup? This looks like quite a show."

Daisy said, "Well, I'm afraid people wouldn't know where to find me." Harrison wondered if she meant "people" or "a person." He soon found out.

Again they heard a car. This was not a rattle trap. It was a powerful work truck, full of standing men. As it rolled past them, one man jumped down. Kii ran toward him calling, "Joe, my cousin, (shizeedí)."

Daisy jumped up and started toward Joe, leaving Harrison to follow behind.

Even in the dark, they could tell that Joe was standing up straight and walking without a limp. He sat down, but not crosslegged, like the other men. The knee was still not bending too well.

Hoskie asked, "You finished your school?"

"Finished," said Joe, taking out a cigarette.

They all waited and then he went on. "Now I could get work in an assembly line."

"You did that - in summer?" asked Cháala. He was looking carefully at his wife's nephew. Denny looked, too. When the firelight struck Joe's face, he thought the eyes did not have that dreadful hollow look he had seen at the hospital. Everybody waited and finally Joe spoke slowly. His words were part Navajo, part English.

"Assembly line. That I don't like. You work fast. You can't stop. Someone is always waiting for you."

"It pays, don't it?" said Eddie.

"Pays," said Joe, "with making you tired. Angry. I like be my own boss."

"How can you, Joe?" asked Daisy. She sounded worried.

"I do carpenter work this summer," said Joe, "for," - he said the word carefully, "unemployables. HITP - Home Improvement Training Program. I can use saw, hammer." He stretched out his leg. "Don't need knee."

"But a real carpenter needs English. Training."

"I learn," said Joe. "I learn - learned much English this summer."

Cháala gave a sigh. Perhaps he had been worried about this man from his home place.

"Business in Texas or Oklahoma," said Joe. "Take men to train. Union pay half. Government pay. Two years and a half."

"You'd go away?" Daisy asked, a bit anxiously.

"No boss job here," said Joe. "I work, I be carpenter boss."

"Shidá'í (my brother's son)!" cried Singer's Daughter happily. "Shiyáázh, my son. Good! Good!"

Harrison said, "You'd have to get contracts. Write specifications.

Read blueprints."

"I get partner," said Joe.

"How? There's nobody on the reservations."

"I get," said Joe.

They were all silent after that. It seemed as though a miracle had happened or was going to happen. Hoskie said, "Two and a half years! Might be a lot more buildings on the reservation by that time. Chance for a master carpenter. Might even get a partner."

Harrison got up to go. Duncan, who had been talking to Green Girl away from the fire, came to join him. All over the camping ground, fires were going out. People were lying on their blankets under the stars.

Next morning, while the group were still drinking their coffee, the Navajo band came marching into the Fair Grounds, with a majorette out in front. They wore velvet blouses, silver belts and white trousers. They played Zacatecas-Mexican March so gaily that one wanted to step right in and march with them. It seemed there were hundreds of things to see after you paid your entrance fee, and got into the Fair Grounds. Little Woman went straight to the shelter where the fry bread contest was to be held. She had to get her juniper fire started, heat her fry pan and grease and lay out her flour on a board. When the crowd arrived and the contest began, she must mix her flour with water, pound it, stretch it, and make it into the big, pancake shaped circle that would go into the hot grease. Five or six other woman had entered the contest and they all wore the old fashioned dress of full skirt and velvet blouse. Little Woman had been thin all her life so her skirt was the same one she had been married in. It was green satin, her blouse was deep red velveteen, and she wore Hoskie's silver belt.

Green Girl also had a green satin skirt but the blouse was pink. She tried to hide behind Daisy as the party walked through Gorman Hall where the exhibition booths were.

They were passing a trader's booth when Daisy called out, "Look, Lily! There's a rug in your colors! Green, yellow, white! And see how big it is!"

It seemed that Green Girl must have disappeared. She was dodging behind one person or another. Duncan Brody came up and looked at the card on the rug, "From --," he named the place where the hogan was. "Why, that's you, Green Girl! My, it's a fine rug."

Cháala's wife, also in a full satin skirt, was smiling and smiling. "Yes," she said, "Shich'é'é (my daughter) can weave."

"Bet it gets the blue ribbon," said Duncan. "They give awards on the last day."

They walked all around the fairgrounds that day, and all the next. That is, most of them did. Hoskie was generally looking for some man to talk business. He knew everybody and there was talk of his running for councilman from the Kintah chapter. Grandfather and Grandmother preferred to sit on a bench and watch the crowds go by.

The Brody boys usually stayed with the party. They were not afraid to talk to girls. When they all went to see the contest for

Miss Traditional Navajo and Miss Modern Navajo, they had a lot to say.

"You could have been Miss Traditional Navajo," Duncan said to Green Girl. She blushed as pink as her blouse.

"And you could have been Miss Modern Navajo," Harrison told Daisy.

Daisy looked away. "I was too busy this summer," she murmured.

Little Woman won the fry bread contest and Hoskie said, with a twinkle in his eye, "So! She can cook. I did not know it."

"I have been making fry bread for forty years," said Little Woman. "And you are always off on the roads and do not come home to eat it."

"Never home for forty years!" Hoskie said to *Chʼaala*. "Look, *shikʼis*, that is a record." They all laughed.

There was a big rodeo on the last day but Joe would not go. They all went back to Gorman Hall for a last look at the exhibits. When they came to Green Girl's rug, there was the blue ribbon. Green Girl just stood looking at it and not speaking.

"I think you're good enough to work at the Santa Fe School," Duncan told her. "You can show how to weave without speaking much English. I'll tell them about you."

Joe was walking along the booths that showed work projects and Daisy followed him. There were exhibits on mining, road work, forest industries.

"No place for boss," he said crossly. "Must be union carpenter. But need partner."

Daisy had moved a few booths along. Now she was standing before the one which advertised schools run by Navajos, the demonstration school and Community College.

"Look, Joe," she said, as though she were telling a joke, "at this Community College, you can learn blue prints, specifications, how to run a business. Ask for what you need and they'll teach it to you."

"Not me," said Joe. "Need English!"

"But for me?" Daisy persisted.

"Women don't learn those things."

"Why not? I think," said Daisy dreamily, "it would be more interesting than secretarial work."

Joe stared at her and she looked away. They walked for quite a while. Then Daisy said, quietly, "I could learn a lot of that sort of thing in two and a half years." She looked at Joe and Joe looked at her thoughtfully for a long time. Then he nodded, but he did not say anything.

Chǻala and his wife were looking at the farm exhibits. Carrots, cucumbers, cabbage, peppers, tomatoes, grapes were displayed; all in addition to the old Navajo foods, corn, beans, and squash. They were talking Navajo.

"This is not for our land," said Chǻala. "These plants must have much water."

His wife told him, "Hoskie says that, at Many Farms, near the college, they have water running in ditches. Men take a piece of land. They are taught how to make things grow with water."

"Men take the land?" asked Cháala.

"Because they do a new king of farming, Hoskie says. They work all the year around. Not just after the rains. At last they own the land."

"And the house?"

Singer's Daughter did have to pause on that. At last she said, "The one who does the work owns the house."

"But, my wife, would you - ?"

Singer's Daughter had made up her mind. "My father and mother are not well," she said. "They should not live where the water is bad. And we need money."

She and Cháala looked at each other just as Daisy and Joe had done. At that fair, a number of minds were made up without any words.

Chapter Questions

1. What was the matter with Martha's baby girl and why?
2. What is a harelip? Malnutrition?
3. Compare a bilagáana fair, such as a state fair, with a Navajo fair. How are they alike? Different?
4. What has happened to Joe?
5. What is fry bread? Describe it.
6. What do you think was decided between Cháala and Singer's Daughter, and between Daisy and Joe?

CHAPTER 17

Up from the Underworld

Navajo Words:

hózhǫ́jí - Blessingway
dibéntsaa - big sheep
sisnaajiní - (sacred mt. of the Navajos, to the East) translation has been lost
dook'o'oosłííd - (sacred mt. of the Navajos, to the West) translation has been lost
bi'disziih - he who turned up missing

hastiin - sir; mister
tsoodził - tongue mountain
yé'ii - gods

Another Christmas vacation had come and the Kintah schools were closed. Daisy, Eddie, Denny, and Kii were at home. Harrison had come from college and Duncan from the art school. Joe was getting ready to leave for Texas. The employment office at the Indian Bureau had made arrangements with the carpenters' union. Then they had bought him a suit of clothes, given him expense money for the first month and were paying his fare to Texas.

Grandfather had said that, before Joe went so far, there should be a Blessingway (hózhǫ́jí) Ceremony to keep him safe. It would be held at the hogan where there was the right kind of circular room. All the relatives would come and would help in getting the yucca root to wash Joe and the corn meal to dry him. The Charlie family and the Brody boys were coming, too, because ceremonies are open to everyone who will sit quietly and think good, helpful thoughts.

The Charlie family arrived several days early, with Denny, Martha and her children. Denny helped Kii carry the blankets and dishes out of Grandmother's hogan because it was there the ceremony would be held. In old days, Grandfather said, a new hogan was built for such sacred gatherings. Now, materials were expensive and people too busy. At least, the hogan would be bare of everything but the stove which would keep the gathering warm. And its rafters could be blessed with corn pollen in the old way.

Grandfather and Grandmother were moving into Martha's old hogan, even though it was nearly falling apart. Martha could stay with her parents, since there was no son-in-law to be in the way. Denny dumped his pile of sheepskins on the floor of Martha's house and sat down in the doorway to look around. He often saw this place in his mind because it still seemed to him the most beautiful and peaceful spot in the world. He could remember the sky, the rocks, and the pine trees as though he had lived with them for years, and perhaps, after this coming spring, he would never see them again.

Kii came and sat beside him. "When I am a medicine man and you are a doctor," he said in Navajo, "let us both come here to live. You know, Harrison said that, if there were enough families here, the government would dig a good well and put in water pipes."

Denny gave a long sigh. Kii went on, "The old people will do well at Many Farms. But maybe Martha and Green Girl will come and bring their husbands. Then I will be uncle to their children. I will teach the boys and find husbands for the girls. But, not husbands like Rico."

Denny did not answer, so Kii continued loudly, "We could be blood brothers. Then you could be an uncle, too. Would you like that, shik'is?"

Denny felt ready to cry. He jumped up and ran away.

The next day was the one before the ceremony. Everything was done. Fry bread had been made. In the house of Singer's Daughter and Chaala, there was a kettle of boiled mutton and one of beans. Grandfather had sorted out the holy objects he would use the following day and was sitting with bowed head, singing over his songs to himself. The Brody boys had arrived and were sitting on the south side. They hoped to learn some of the songs and help with the men's singing.

Everyone knew that Harrison had joined a bilagaana church. Still, after a long silence, he said to Grandfather in Navajo:

"Hastiin (sir), I have never heard the full story of the People's beginnings for there is no old wise man in our family. But in college, they ask me about it, as if every Navajo should know. And every Christian does know his story of Creation, I think. Would it be right for you to tell us?"

Grandfather was silent a long time. Then he said, "Yes, it would be right. The snakes are now asleep in the cold so they would not punish us. And I wish my grandsons to begin to know such things. I will make it short for tonight." He smiled at Kii and Joe, and then at Denny. After a wait, he began:

"In the beginning, our People lived far under this earth. Some say there were eleven worlds down there and this is the twelfth.

Some say there were four and this is the fifth. My teacher thought there were three and this is the fourth. Some day, we may go up through the sky and find a fifth. Most teachers say that if there was a world before our first world, it was black and there were no living things there."

Denny was glad Harrison was translating. He would never have gotten all those words right in Navajo.

"Our first world was red," said Grandfather, "and there was a red wind. There was no sun or moon. It was in this world that some clans began to form, and our clan comes from this world. Other clans were formed in later worlds. The people lived there for awhile. Then they began quarreling and their chief said they must move. I do not know what they were like at this time but they must have had wings because they flew up through a hole in the sky. They found a blue world and the people in it were swallows. They quarreled with the swallows and, again, had to fly through a hole in the sky."

"A Zuñi boy at college," Harrison told the others, "says that they climbed up trees into these different worlds."

When Harrison's words were translated for him, Grandfather looked offended that any other people should tell his holy story, but he simply went on. "The third world was yellow and its people were grasshoppers. Here our people quarreled again and had to fly up. It was black and white as it is now, with night and day. Some call it the many colored Earth and some the changeable Earth. Upon arriving, all the beings were separated and since each had his own form they went separate ways.

"Our people have four sacred mountains which point out for us the four directions. They are *dibéntsaa* to the north--"

"Means 'big sheep'," Harrison translated. "Those are the La Plata Mountains."

"--*tsoodził* which is south," continued Grandfather.

"That's 'tongue mt.', or Mt. Taylor."

"*Sisnaajiní*, the eastern mountain, and *dook'o'oosłííd* in the west.

"Don't know how to translate those into English," grinned Harrison, "but *bilagáana* calls the first one the Sierra Blanca and the second one, San Francisco Peaks."

"That's not the way they say the directions at school," interrupted Eddie. Little Woman gave her son a look which made him move into a corner.

"Those mountains are with us still," Grandfather went on, as if he hadn't noticed the interruption. He thought a while, then continued:

"The people from Underground washed and lost their wings but they were few. The *yé'ii* made more. You know what *yé'ii* are?" No one dared say.

Grandfather talked a long time trying to tell them. Harrison had hard work putting it all into English. "There are many. They live on the mountains and in the lakes. Each one has special powers, like hunting or bringing water or talking for them all. We don't see them but singers have their pictures drawn in ceremonies."

"Gods?" asked Duncan.

Grandfather understood that, but did not bother to answer. "The yé'ii," he said, "brought two ears of corn, one white, one yellow. They covered them with buckskins and let the winds blow on them. When they lifted the buckskins, the white corn ear had become a man and the yellow ear a woman. These were First Man and First Woman. They made the sun out of turquoise and the moon of crystal and threw them into the sky. Each had a man to walk across the sky carrying it, as he would a big shield. As for the stars, they were made out of bits of crystal. First Man meant to put them in a pattern in the sky but Coyote got hold of them. This Coyote has always been the mischief-maker of the world. He threw them up in a mess as they are today."

He stopped a while, then went on, "First Man and First Woman had children. These married with the People who had come up from the Underworld and with the Pueblo people who were there already and the world became full--as it is now," said Grandfather with a sigh.

"And the world was not happy. There were dreadful monsters who ate people up or threw them off rocks. And no one was strong enough to kill them. So the yé'ii sent help.

"One day First Man and First Woman heard crying from the top of the mesa the Spanish call Huerfano. They went there and found a baby girl in a cradle of clouds and mist. This was Changing Woman. It is she who is young in spring, strong in summer, quiet and wise in autumn. In winter, she is old and can hardly walk."

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"Nature," said Harrison.

Grandfather did not like these interruptions. He closed his eyes and went on. "In four days she was a maiden and had her maiden's ceremony. The young people who follow the bilagáana ways do not do that anymore, I think. After that, she lay on the rocks one day at noon and the Sun came to visit her. Another day, there came a shower of water. Changing Woman bore two sons. One we call Monster Slayer and the other Child of the Water. Often they both are called Children of the Sun.

"They grew up fast, as Changing Woman had. One day, they told her they wanted bows and arrows. They were going to slay the monsters. They could get no weapons strong enough so they decided to go to their father, the Sun. He would certainly help. Their journey to the Sun's house at the east is a long story. I cannot tell you all the troubles they had and the people who helped them. Spider Woman was one, for she gave them each a feather to keep away danger. Wind was another for he whispered in their ears, telling them what to do.

"They came to Sun's house, with its walls white on the east, blue at south, yellow at west, and black at north. At first, the Sun would not believe they were his children, but he tested them. He put them in a very hot place, then a very cold one. He made them smoke deadly strong tobacco. The feathers and the wind helped them through all this. At last, the Sun knew that they must belong to him. He gave them armor of flint, black for Monster Slayer, blue for Child of the Water. He gave them swords of the straight and the crooked lightning. They came back to earth and killed the monsters.

"This took a long time, but they were helped by Spider Woman and different animals. Finally, all the bad things were gone except four. These were gray looking people called *Old Age*, *Cold*, *Poverty*, and *Hunger*. When Monster Slayer was about to kill them, they said, 'Don't you know we are useful in this world? Without us, people would not work and plan.' And perhaps that is true," said Grandfather, "for we have them yet." He looked at Martha.

They were all silent for a long time, while it grew dark and a star looked through the smokehole. Grandfather began to sing softly, one of the songs he would use tomorrow for Joe. Long afterward, Denny learned that the words, in English, were:

Monster Slayer, with your black armor, protect me!
Child of the Water, with your blue armor, protect me!

Denny had been sitting beside Grandfather. He and Kii were now old enough to have a place with the men. Somehow, before he knew it, he found himself singing. It was not only the tune. He was using words. Suddenly Grandfather stopped. He looked at Denny. Quietly he said, "Where did you learn that, *shiye*'?'

Denny felt as surprised as the others. He could not remember ever learning those words, or singing them. Still, as he sat there in the dark, knowing they were all watching him, he remembered something from long, long ago. He was sitting in a *hogan* like this one. Maybe it *was* this one. And someone was singing like Grandfather. Could it have been Grandfather?

"There was singing," said Denny, "because we were going away. On a plane." He stopped. The doctor had said that some day, all at once, memory would come back to him. Was it coming now? He looked at the walls of the *hogan* and it seemed that he had known them always, like his own home. And that star at the smokehole! Hadn't he seen it, perhaps even when he was a baby, on a cradleboard?

They all began to ask questions. Do you remember? Do you remember? Little by little, he *did* remember. About spreading the blankets every night and his special one with the yellow stripe. About the time he lost the water pail in the brook. No one got much sleep that night. The questions kept coming while he remembered more and more. Finally, Harrison put it all together. "Denny's father was a silversmith and his mother a good weaver. Their fare was paid to go to an eastern city and show their arts at some kind of an exhibition. People still talk about the couple who left on a plane with their little boy. We knew the plane crashed but that is all we ever heard. Couldn't you tell the people at the hospital anything, Denny?"

Denny thought. "I couldn't talk English," he said. "And I guess they never heard any Navajo. I tried the best I could, saying *Diné*, *Diné*."

Kii shouted, "Denny! *Diné*! They were calling you by the name we Navajo call ourselves (The People) all the time and didn't know it!"

After that, there was laughing and crying until daylight. Everyone had heard some little story about Grandfather's lost daughter, Weaving Woman, and her husband, the Silversmith.

"We must get a new name for Denny," said Grandfather. He thought for a while. Perhaps he remembered the story he had just told about how lost children came to find their families. "We will call him," he said at last, "He who turned up missing - bi'disziih."

The next day, Denny and Joe shared the Blessingway Ceremony. It meant a good life to come for Grandfather's oldest grandson and his youngest.

Chapter Questions

1. Why did Grandfather want to have a Blessingway Ceremony? What is a Blessingway Ceremony? Find out.
2. What preparations did the family make for the Blessingway? What preparations did Grandfather make?
3. Why did Denny feel like he was going to cry? Why did he run away?
4. Tell Grandfather's story of the Creation. How does it differ from the Christian story of Creation? Do you know any stories of Creation from other cultures?
5. What brought back Denny's memory?
6. Why did Grandfather give Denny the name bi'disziih?

SOME

AMERICAN INDIAN

SONGS

THE NAVAJO HAPPINESS SONG

SHE...NAH' SHA... (3 times) gp.I

B'KEH HUH ZHOLA, HE YAH HEY'NEH'YUH. gp.II

AH'AH'LUH, AH'AH'LUH KOH'NUH'SHAH (repeat) gp.III

SHE...NAH'SHA... (3 times) gp.I

B'KEH HUH ZHOLA, HE YAH HEY'NEH'YUH. gp.II

……

CREEK INDIAN DUCK DANCE SONG

WAY...HEY-YAH, WAY-HEY, YAH-HEY...YAH,

WAY-HEY-YAH, WAY-HEY-YAH, HEY-YAH.

OH-HO, YANNA, HEY-YAH WAY-HEY YAH HEY-YAH.

HE - HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOoooooooooo..........

……

QUAPAW INDIAN FACE DANCE SONG

HE - HO! HOOOOOOOOOoooooooooo........(4 times)

HA-NA TSI-WAH, HA-NA TSI-WAH (repeat)

YO-HO WANI NA-AH YO HA HEY (3 times)

HE - HO! HOOOOOOOOOOOOooooooooo.......

……

PAPAGO INDIAN ELK SONG

I KO-KO MAH-KAH SHA-SHA-NYEH (grey elk)
E'WAAH HAH-MAH SHA-SHA-NYEH (yellow elk)
I (repeat)
II A-HO NIE WAH(look at them)
E'MUY PAH OIE MUI-TOM(they walk on top of us)
III NA-KA KOI NUI-NUI E'TAA'TEH(come see them)
E'MUY PAH OI MUI-TOM
IV Ah NUIE'E'WAH(the songs they bring)
E'MUY PAH OIE MUI-TOM
V E'WAAH HAH-MEH SHA-SHA-NYEH (repeat)
I (twice) and end with II (once)

AH-AH'SHE NEH A'TEH
(Navajo Squaw Dance Song)

I
A YEH YANGA, A YEH YANGA (repeat)
II
HEY YO-OH OH_OH-OH, OH-OH, OH HE YAH, HEY YEH'YANGA
(repeat)
III
HE-YOH OH-OH, AA-A-A, AA A-a A-a A-a YAH/A YEH'YANGA
(repeat)

II(repeat) III(repeat)

IV
AH-AH'SHE N[illegible] A'TEH EH-eh EH-EH EH-EH AH/hey yeh YANGA
(repeat)

III (repea[illegible] IV(repeat)

end with [illegible] (repeat)

……

KÉYAH SHAA DEET' ÁANII (America)

Ké-yah shaa dee-t'áa-nii, Ké-yah bi-áá' hó-zhǫ́.
'Éí baa hash-taał; Shi-taa' 'á-daas-dįį-dii,
Yi-nééł bá hó-zhǫ́ǫ́-dą́ą́', Sin bee da'-níł-ts'ą́ą́'-góó
'A-ho-siis-ts'ą́ą́'.
(verses 2,3,4 may be found on page 103 of the
Navajo Gospel Hymns book.

……

'A[illegible]O'ÁŃT'É (How Great Thou Art)

[illegible]Di-yin God 'a-yóó 'a-t'éii ni-łį́į́ lá,
[illegible] as-dzáán dóó t'áá 'ałtso 'íi-ni-laii.
[illegible] yish'į́ 'índa da'di'níigo diis-ts'a',
[illegible]dzii-lii 'éí t'áá 'ałtso-góó dei-t'į́.
[illegible]rain:
[illegible]ch'į' hashtaał, Yisd'ashíínííłtíinii,
[illegible]yóó' áńt'é, 'ayóó' áńt'é. (repeat refrain)
[illegible]verses 2,3 found on page 132 - NGH

……

DOO 'ÍITS'A'Í DA HODÍÍYĮĮD (Silent Night)
Doo 'íi-ts'a'í da, ho-díí-yįįd, Cha-hał-heeł 'a-dińdíín,
Nah-di ła' 'éí da-déez-į́į́', Ha-zhó'ó-go 'a-wéé' ałhosh,
Yá-'ąą-shii bi-yi'-dę́ę́', God bi-Taa'
bi-níł-'a'.
(verses 2,3,4, on p.55 - NGH)

HÓZHǪ́ǪGO NÁHÁSDLĮ́Į́' (Joy To The World)

Hó-zhǫ́ ná-hás-dlį́į́' ni' bí-káá',Je-sus díísh-jį́ yizh-
T'áá 'á-nółtso baa da-hoh-niih chį́,
Ni-hiijéí bi-yi'-dę́ę́', T'áá 'ał-tso di-né-hé-gíí,
Ni' bi-káa'-gi baa da-hoh-niih-go da-hoh-taał.
(verses 2,3 on p.56 - NGH)

……

BETHLEHEM KIN SÍNÍNILII (O Little Town of Bethlehem)

Beth-le-hem kin sí-ní-ni-lii, has-yéel-go nił haz-'ą́;
Ho-ní-lǫ́ǫ-gi dóó wó-dah-di sǫ' ni-káa'-di deí-kááh.
Hool'áá-góó bee hool-'i-nii ni-tah-góó 'a-diníłdíín;
Hoogááłdę́ę́' di-né na-yó-líi ní-yi' kąd hasht'eelyaa.
(Verses 2,3,4 on p.60 - NGH)

……

ŃLÉIDI 'AWÉÉ' TŁ'OH BIKÁÁ' NIILTĮ́ (Away In a Manger)

Ní-léi-di 'a-wéé' bi-ts'áál dooí-gíí 'á-din,
Bó-hól-níi-hii Je-sus tł'oh bi-káá' niil-tį́.
Sǫ' wó-t'ááh-dę́ę́' si-tį́į-jį' da-déez-'į́į́',
Bó-hól-níi-hii Je-sus tł'oh yi-káá' ał-hosh.
(Verses 2,3 on p.59 - NGH)

……

NDA'NIŁKAADII DIBÉ YAA 'ÁDAHALYĄ́Ą́ ŃT'ÉÉ' (While Shepherds Watched...)

Di-bé baa 'á-da-ho-jil-yą́ą-Go ni-dzíiztą́ą' ní-téé',
Di-yin naal-'a-'í haa ní-yá, Ha-naa-góó 'i'dííłdláád,
Ha-naa-góó 'i'dííłdláád. (p.57 - NGH)

……

DIYIN NDAAL'A'Í BIYIIN DOOHTS'ĮĮH (Hark! the Herald Angels Sing)

Hó-zhǫ́ ná-hás-dlį́į́' ni' bi-káá', Jesus díísh-jį́
Sin di-yi-nii deí-sóół-ts'ą́ą́', yizh-chį́,
Naa-t'áa-nii 'a-yóó 'á-t'é, Ni' bi-káa'-gi bi'dizh-chį́,
God k'é ná-ni-hi-doo-'niid, Ni-hoo-káá' di-né noh-łíi-
Di-yin bił baa da-hoh-niih, K'ad díísh-jį́ mii,
ni-hi-nan-t'a'í Beth-le-hem-gi bi'dizh-chį́.
(Verses 2,3 - p.58 - NGH)

SACRED CAVE SONG

Adapted for Indian Chorus-Crownpoint Brdg School
April/'69 from a Canyon Record as sung by Philip Cass
by Bill Chapman, Indian Chorus Director-Guid. -adoe
Tape-teaching the song is available from the Guid.Off.

I Ah-oh-oh Ah-ah Oh-oh Ah_ah-ah Oh-oh Ah-ah-ah-ah
Oh-oh He-ye Nah-ah (repeat)

II Ah-Oh-oh Ah-ah Oh-oh He-ye Nah-ah (repeat)

IIA Ah-oh-oh Ah-ah-ah-ah Oh-oh He-ye Nah-ah

IIB Oh-oh Ah-ah Oh-oh He-ye Nah-ah

IA Oh-oh Ah-ah Oh-oh Ah_ah-ah Oh-oh Ah-ah-ah-ah
Oh-oh He-ye Nah-ah

III Et-sa Goo-dah Yah-nah Nah-moi Tsa-nah Zah-nah
Yah-dan Ge-zah Zah-dah Goo-dah Goo-dah Yah-zah

IIC Ah-oh-oh Ah-ah-ah-ah Oh-oh Ee-ye Nah-ah

IID Ah-oh-oh Ah-ah Oh-oh Ee-ye Nah-ah

IIE Ah-oh-oh Hah-ah-ah-ah Oh-oh Ee-ye Nah-ah

IV Et-sah Goo-dah Yah-nah De-he Ye-de Nah-mah
Ne-bua Jze-jze Ne-goo Kah-nah Ke-he Za-go
Hi-yah Shah-dah Go-do Ne-go Kah-dah Sja-sja Ne-kah

IIF Ah-oh-oh Hah-ah-ah-ah Oh-oh He-ye Nah-ah

IIG Ah-oh-oh Hah-ah Oh-oh He-ye Nah-ah

I Ah-oh-oh Ah-ah Oh-oh Ah_ah-ah Oh-oh Ah-ah-ah-ah
Oh-oh He-ye Nah-ah ||

. . . .

A number of the repeat lines have been omitted in this rendering.

The following list of clan names is taken from A Vocabulary of Colloquial Navaho by Robert W. Young and William Morgan (United States Indian Service, Phoenix, Arizona, 1951). The authors give the following explanation concerning the list.

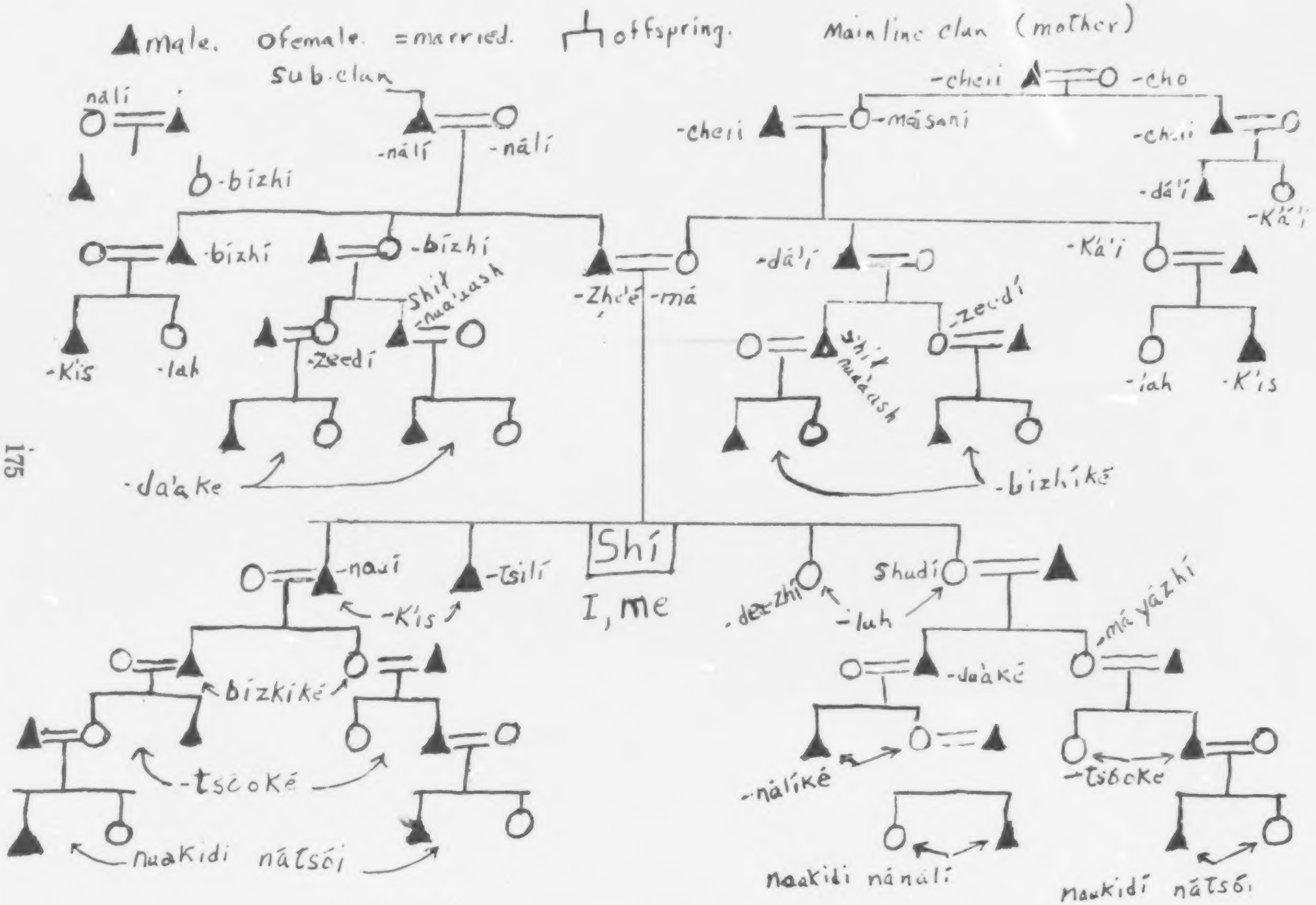
> A number of clan designations are listed below, but these are not each the name of a distinct clan. Many are merely the names applied locally to a given clan -- clan nicknames, so to speak. The original Navaho clans are said to be the to 'áhání, the hashł'ishnii, the tó dích'íi'nii, and the kin yaa'áanii. These, with a few other principal clans, form the basis of the Navaho clan system, the subsidiary clans being more or less closely related to one or another of the principal clans. The chief clans with their subsidiaries are exogamous, although such eminent authorities as Albert Sandoval and Scott Preston are not entirely in agreement regarding the question of inter-clan relationship.
>
> Translations of clan names are somewhat arbitrary in many instances, since the meaning of some terms is obscure, and many of the Navaho explanations are in the realm of folk-etimologies.

'áshįįhí	the salt people
'áshįįhnii	the salt people (extinct)
bįįh dine'é	the deer people
bįįh bitoodnii	the deer spring people
bįįhtsoh dine'é	big deer people
bit'ahnii	the within-his-cover people

bit'ąą'nii	(extinct)
deeshchii'nii	the start-of-the-red-streak people
dichin dine'é	the hunger people
dibé łizhini	the black sheep people
dzaanééz łání	the many burros people
dziłtł'ahnii	the mountain recess people
dził ná'oodiłnii	the turning mountain people
gah dine'é táchii'nii	the rabbit people (division of the táchii'nii)
haltsooí dine'é	the meadow people
hashk'ąą hadzohó	the yucca-fruit-strung-out-in-a-line people
hashtł'ishnii	the mud people
honágháahnii	the he-walks-around-one people
hooghan łání	the many hogans people
'iich'ah dine'é	the people that have fits
jaa' yaalóolii	the sticking-up-ears people
k'aahanáanii	the living arrow people
k'ai' ch'ébáanii	the line-of-willows-extend-out-gray people
kin łichíí'nii	the red house people
kin łitsonii	the yellow house people
kin yaa'áanii (kiyaa'áanii)	the towering house people
lók'aa' dine'é	the reed people
mą'ii deeshgiizhnii	the coyote pass people; the Jemez clan
naaneesht'ézhí táchii'nii	the charcoal streaked division of the táchii'nii clan

naakaii dine'é	the Mexican clan
naashashí	the bear enemies; the Tewa clan
naashgalí dine'é	the Mescalero Apache clan
naasht'ézhí dine'é	the Zuñi clan
naayízí dine'é	the squash people
nát'oh dine'é	the tobacco people
nihoobáanii	the gray-streak-ends people
nóóda'í dine'é	the Ute clan
nóóda'í dine'é táchii'nii	the Ute people division of the táchii'nii clan
séí bee hooghanii	the sand-hogan people
tábąąhá	the water's edge people
táchii'nii	the red-running-into-the-water people
ta'neeszahnii	the tangle people
tó 'áháni	the near to water people
tó 'aheedlíinii	the water-flows-together people
tó'ázólí	the light water people
tó baazhní'ázhí	the two-came-to-water people
tó dích'íi'nii	the bitter water people
tótsohnii	the big water people
tł'ááshchí'í	the red bottom people
tł'ízí łání	the many goats people
tł'ógí	the hairy ones (?); the weavers (?); the Zia
ts'ah yisk'idnii	the sage brush hill people
tsé deeshgizhnii	the rock gap people
tsé nahabiłnii (or tsé nahadiłnii)	the over-hanging rock people(?)
tsé njíkiní	the honey combed rock people

tsé táá'áanii	the rock-extends-into-water people
tsézhin ndii'aaí	the slanted lava spire people
tséikeehé	the two-rocks-sit people
tsi'naajinii	(meaning?)
tsin sikaadnii	the clumped tree people
yé'ii dine'é	the monster people
yoo'ó dine'é	the bead people


▲male. ○female. =married. offspring. Mainline clan (mother)
sub-clan
nali
-bizhi
-nálí
-nálí
-cheii
-cho
-cheii
-másani
-cheii
-dá'í
-Ká'í
-bizhi
-bizhi
Shiy -naa'aash
-Zhé'é
-má
-dá'í
-Ká'í
-Kis
-lah
-zeedí
Shiy naa'ash
-zeedí
-iah
-K'is
-da'ake
-bizhíké
Shí
I, me
-naai
-tsilí
-K'is
-deezhí
-luh
Shudí
-má yázhí
bizkiké
-da'ake
-tscoké
-nálíké
-tsbcke
nuakidi nátsói
naakidi nánálí
naakidi nátsói

Kinship and Clan Chart

English Glossary

A

ac·quaint (ə-kwānt′) vt. -ed 1. to cause to know personally 2. to make familiar: cause to know firsthand.

al·co·hol·ic (al′-kə-hôl′ik) n. 1. one who is addicted to the excessive use of alcoholic drinks or suffers from alcoholism.

al·co·hol·ism (al′-kə-hô-liz′-əm) n. 1. continued excessive use of alcoholic drinks 2. the state of being poisoned by alcohol especially as a result of excessive drinking.

a·mazed (ə-māzd′) adj. 1. to be filled with wonder, astounded.

am·ne·sia (am′-nē′-zhə) n. 1. loss of memory due usually to brain injury, shock, fatigue, repression, or illness 2. a gap in one's memory.

an·ten·na (an′-ten′-ə) n., pl. an·ten·nae (-ten′-ē) or antennas 1. a movable segmented organ of sensation on the head of insects, myriapods, and crustaceans. 2. a usually metallic device (as a rod or wire) for radiating or receiving radio waves.

an·ta·buse (ant′-ē-büs) n. 1. substance given by doctors to test for alcohol in a patient's system.

anx·ious (aŋ[k]-shəs) adj., -ious·ly, adv. 1. characterized by extreme uneasiness of mind or brooding fear about some contingency: worried 2. characterized by, resulting from, or causing anxiety; worrying 3. ardently or earnestly wishing.

ap·pli·ca·tion (ap′-li-kā′-shən) n. 1. an act of applying a. an act of putting to use b. an act of administering or superposing c. assiduous attention 2. request; petition 3. something applied or used in applying auc·tion·eer (ôk´-shə-ni´təɜr) n. 1. a person who sells goods at auction.

B

bag·gage check (bag´-ij chek) n. a ticket or token showing ownership or identity given to a traveler at the time he checks his luggage onto an airplane, train, bus, etc.

bibb (bib) n. alteration of bib·cock (bib´-kok) Plumbing: a faucet having a nozzle bent downward. Also bib.

bleach·ers (blē´-chərz) n. a usually uncovered stand of tiered (one above and slightly behind the other) planks providing seating space for spectators.

boast (bōst) v. - ed. 1. to make a vain display of one's own worth; brag 2. to speak of or assert with excessive pride 3. to possess or display proudly.

bril·liant (bril´-yənt) adj. - liant-ly (-yənt-li) adv. 1. very bright; glittering 2a. striking, distinguished b. distinguished by unusual mental keeness or alertness.

bris·tle (bris´-əl) v. 1a. to rise and stand stiffly, erect. Exam: The porcupine quills were bristling in all directions. b. to raise the bristles, (as in anger) 2. to take on an agressive attitude or appearance 3. to appear as if covered with bristles.

C

cal·cu·lat·ed (kal´-kyə-lat´əd) adj. 1a. worked out by mathematical processes b. engaged in, undertaken, or displayed after reckoning or estimating the statistical probability of success or failure 2. planned or contrived to accomplish a purpose

3. brought about by deliberate attempt 4. apt, likely

cal·i·co (kal′-i-kō) n. 1a. cotton cloth imported from India b. a plain white cotton fabric that is heavier than muslin c. any of various cheap cotton fabrics with figured patterns 3. a blotched or spotted animal (as a piebald horse)

can·vas (kan′-vəs) n. 1. a firm closely woven cloth usually of linen, hemp or cotton used for clothing and sails 2. a set of sails; sail. 3. a piece of canvas used for a particular purpose 4. a military or camping tent or a group of tents 5. a cloth surface prepared to receive an oil painting 6. a coarse cloth so woven as to form regular meshes for working with the needle. 7. the floor of a boxing or wrestling ring.

1. card (kärd) n. 1. an implement for raising a nap on cloth 2. an instrument or machine for carding fibers consisting usually of bent wire teeth set closely in rows in a thick piece of leather fastened to a back.

2. card (kärd) v., -ing. to cleanse, disentangle, and collect together (as fibers) by the use of a card when getting ready to spin.

ca·reer (kə-ri′-[ə]r) n. 1a. course, passage b. full speed or exercise of activity 2. a course of continued progress 3. a profession for which one trains and which is undertaken as a permanent calling (job)

cat·a·log or cat·a·logue (kat′-əl-ôg) n. 1. list, register 2a. a complete enumeration of items arranged systematically with descriptive details b. a pamphlet or book that contains such a list c. material in such a list.

cat·a·ract (kat′-ə-rakt′) n. 1. a clouding of the lens of the eye or of its capsule obstructing the passage of light 2a. waterfall; especially a large one over a precipice b. steep rapids in a river c. downpour, flood.

check·er (chek′-ər) n., -ed. adj. 1. a square or spot resembling checkerboard markings 2. one that checks.

che·nille (shə-ne′-[ə]l) n. 1. a wool, cotton, silk, or rayon yarn with raised pile; also, a pile-face fabric with a filling of this yarn 2. an imitation of chenille yarn or fabric.

com·mod·i·ty (kə-mäd′-ət-ē) n., pl. -ties 1a. convenience, advantage b. something useful or valuable 2. an economic good: as (a) a product of agriculture or mining (b) an article of commerce.

con·cus·sion (kən-kəsh′-ən) n. 1a. a smart or hard blow or collision b. a stunning, damaging or shattering effect from such a blow, especially a jarring injury of the brain resulting in disturbance of cerebral function.

con·fide (kən-fīd′) v., -fid·ed 1. to have confidence, trust 2. to show confidence by imparting secrets 3. to tell confidentially 4. entrust.

con·fi·dence (kän′-fəd-ən[t]s, -fə-den[t]s) n. 1. faith, trust 2a. consciousness of feeling sure, self-reliance b. bold certainty, cocksureness 3. the quality or state of being certain, assurance 4a. a relation of trust or intimacy b. reliance on another's discretion 5. a communication made in private, secret.

coun·cil·or or coun·cil·lor (kaùn′[t]-s[ə]-lər) n. a member of a council coun·sel·or or coun·sel·lor (kaun′(t)-s(ə)-lər) n. 1. adviser, one who gives counseling or advice as psychological counseling 2. a consultant 3. lawyer, specifically one who gives advice in law and manages cases for clients in court. 4. one who has supervisory duties, such as at a summer camp.

cre·o·sote (krē′-ə-sōt′) n. 1. a clear or yellowish oily liquid mixture of phenolic compounds obtained by the distillation of wood tar especially from beech wood 2. a brownish oily liquid consisting chiefly of aromatic hydrocarbons obtained by distillation of coal tar and used especially as a wood preservative.

D

de·moc·ra·cy (di-măk′-rə-sē) n. 1a. a government by the people: especially, rule of the majority b. a government in which the supreme power is vested in the people and exercised by them directly or indirectly through a system of representation, usually involving periodically held free elections 2. a political unit that has a democratic government 3. the common people especially when constituting the source of political authority 4. the absence of hereditary or arbituary class destinctions or privileges.

dem·on·stra·tion (dem′-ən-strā′-shən) n. 1. an outward expression or display 2. an act, process, or means of demonstrating to the intelligence as: (a) conclusive evidence of: proof (b) a proof in which the conclusion is the immediate sequence of reasoning from premises 3. a showing to a prospective buyer of the merits of a product 4. a show of armed force 5. a public display of group feelings toward a person or cause.

de·pen·dent (di-pen′-dənt) adj. 1. hanging down 2a. determined or conditioned by another b. relying on another for support c. subject to another's jurisdiction 3. subordinate.

dis·ap·pear (dis′-ə-pi′-[ə]r) v. 1. to pass from view suddenly or gradually 2. to cease to be.

dis·grace (dis-grās′) v. 1. to bring reproach or shame to 2. to put to shame or out of favor.

1. dis·may (dis-mā′, diz-) v. to take away the courage or resolution of with alarm.

2. dis·may n. 1. sudden loss of courage or resolution from alarm or fear 2. a sudden disappointment.

dis·miss (dis-mis′) v. - missed 1. to permit or cause to leave 2. to send or remove from office, service, or employment: discharge 3a. to bar from attention or serious consideration b. to put out of judicial consideration.

dis·trib·ute (di-strib′-yo͞ot) v. - uted 1. to divide among several or many: apportion 2a. to spread out so as to cover something: scatter b. deliver (as to deliver newspapers to subscribers) 3a. to divide or separate, especially into kinds b. to return the units of (as typeset matter) to the proper storage places.

dome (dōm) n. 1. a large hemispherical roof or ceiling 2. a natural formation or other structure that resembles the dome or cupola of a building.

E

1. ear·nest (ėr′-nəst) n. a serious and intent mental state: exam. He is in earnest.

2. ear·nest, adj., - nest-ly, adv. 1. characterized by or proceeding from an intense and serious state of mind 2. grave, important.

1. elec·tric (i-lek′-trik) adj. elec·tri·cal (-tri-kəl) adj. 1. of, relating to, or operated by electricity 2. electrifying, thrilling.

2. elec·tric, n., something operated by electricity.

em·bar·rass (im-bar′-əs) v., - rassed 1a. to hinder the movement of b. hamper, impede 2a. to place in doubt, perplexity or difficulties b. to involve in financial difficulties c. to cause to experience a state of self-conscious distress 3. to make intricate, complicate.

en·camp·ment (in-kamp′-mənt) n. 1a. the act of forming or occupying a camp b. the state of being encamped 2. camp.

en·gage·ment (in-gaj′-mənt) n. 1a. the act of engaging or state of being engaged b. betrothal 2. something that engages 3a. a promise to be present at a specified time and place b. employment especially for a stated time 4. the state of being in gear 5. a hostile encounter between military forces.

en·thu·si·asm (in-th(y)ü′-zē-az′aəm) n. 1a. belief in special revelations of the Holy Spirit b. religious fanaticism 2a. strong excitement of feeling, fervor b. something inspiring zeal or fervor.

en·thu·si·as·tic (in-th(y)ü′-zē-as′-tik) adj. filled with or marked by enthusiasm.

es·pe·cial (is-pesh′-əl) adj. - cial·ly (-pesh′-(ə)- lē) adv. special, particular

ex·hi·bi·tion (ek′-sə-bish′-ən) n. 1. an act or instance of exhibiting 2. a public showing (as of works of art, objects of manufacture, or athletic skill).

ex·pen·sive (ik-spen′[t]-siv) adj. 1. occasioning expense 2. high-priced, dear, costly.

F

fa·cil·i·ty (fə-sil′-ət-ē) n. -ties 1. the quality of being easily performed 2. ease in performance, aptitude 3. readiness of compliance 4a. something that makes easier an action, operation or course of conduct - usually used in the plural b. something (as a hospital, toilet, etc.) that is built, installed or established to serve a particular purpose.

fas·ci·nate (fas′-ən-āt) v. -nated 1a. to transfix and hold spellbound by an irresistible power b. to command the interest of; allure 2. to be irresistibly attractive.

for·eign (fôr′-ən, fär′-ən) adj. 1. located outside a place or country, especially, located outside one's own country 2. born in, belonging to, or characteristic of some place or country other than the one under consideration 3. of, relating to, or proceeding from some other person or material thing than the one under consideration 4. alien in character, not connected or pertinent 5. related to or leading with other nations 6. occurring in an abnormal situation in the living body and commonly introduced from without.

fur·nace (fėr′-nəs) n. an enclosed structure in which heat is produced (as for heating a house).

G

ga·ble (gā′-bəl) n. 1a. the vertical, triangular end of a building from cornace or eaves to ridge b. the similar end of a gambrel roof 2. the end wall of a building.

gal·va·nize (gal′-və-nīz) v., -nized, adj. 1a. to subject to the action of an electric current b. to stimulate or excite by an electric shock 2. to coat with zinc.

gym·na·si·um (jim-nā′-zē-əm) n. a room or building for sports activities.

H

haunch (hônch, hänch) n., haunches 1. hip 2. hind quarter, usually used in plural.

Home Extension Worker, n. a person, usually female, employed by the state or federal government for the purpose of visiting people in their homes in order to aid and instruct them in household occupations.

house·hold·er (haús′-hōld-[ə]r) n. one who occupies a house or tenement alone or as the head of a household.

I

im·press (im-pres′) v., -pressed 1. to affect deeply or strongly in mind or feelings: influence in opinion: exam: He impressed us as a sincere young man. 2. to fix deeply or firmly on the mind or memory, as ideas, facts, etc.: exam: to impress a rule on a child.

im·pres·sion (im-presh′-ən) n. 1. a strong effect produced on the intellect, feelings, or conscience, etc. 2. the first and immediate effect upon the mind in outward or inward perception; sensation 3. a notion, remembrance, belief, etc., often of a vague or indistinct nature: exam: He had a general impression of lights, voices, and the clinking of silver.

in·dig·nant (in-dig´-nənt) adj. filled with anger; aroused by something unjust, unworthy, or mean - in·dig·nant·ly adv

in·dus·try (in´-dəs-trē) n., -tries 1. diligence in an employment or pursuit 2a. systematic labor especially for the creation of value b. a department or branch of a craft, art, business, or manufacture, especially, one that employs a large group of people and capital especially in manufacturing c. a distinct group of production enterprises d. manufacturing activity as a whole.

in·sist (in-sist´) v., -sisted 1. to take a resolute stand or course 2. persist - vt: to take a firm stand about.

in·stall or in·stal (in-stôl´) vt., -stalled; -stalling 1a. to place in office or dignity by seating in a stall or official seat b. to induct into an office, rank or order 2. to establish in an indicated place, condition or status 3. to set up for use in service.

in·stal·la·tion (in´-stə-la´-shən) n. 1. the act of installing; the state of being installed 2. something that is installed for use 3. a military camp, fort, or base.

J

jos·tle (jäs´-əl) v. -tling (-ə-liŋ) 1. to come in contact or into collision 2. to make one's way by pushing and shoving.

K

(None)

L

laun·dro·mat (lôn′-drə-mat′, län′-) a self-service laundry.

li·no·le·um (lə-nō′-lē-əm, lə-nōl′-yəm) n. a floor covering made by laying on a burlap or canvas backing a mixture of solidified linseed oil with gums, cork dust or wood flour or both, and usually pigments.

list·less (list′-ləs) adj. characterized by lack of inclination or impetus to exertion: lanquid-list·less·ly, adv.

1. lounge (laùnj) v. -ing 1. to act or move idly or lazily; loaf 2. to pass time idly.

2. lounge n. 1. a place for lounging as (a) a room in a private home or public building for leisure occupations; living room; also lobby (b) a room in a public building or vehicle often combining lounging, smoking and toilet facilities.

M

main·te·nance (mānt′-nən[t]s; mānt′-ən-ən[t]s) n. 1. the act of maintaining; the state of being maintained; support 2. something that maintains 3. the upkeep of property or equipment.

mal·nu·tri·tion (mal′-n[y]ü-trish′-ən) n. faulty or inadequate nutrition.

mas·cot (mas′-kät, mas′-kət) n. a person, animal, or object supposed to bring good luck.

ma·tron (mā′-trən) n. 1a. a married woman usually marked by dignified maturity or social distinction b. a woman that supervises women or children (as in a school or police station) c. the chief officer in a woman's organization.

mir·a·cle (mir′-i-kəl) n. 1. an extraordinary event manifesting a supernatural work of God 2. an extremely outstanding or unusual event, thing or accomplishment.

N

na·tion·al·i·ty (nash´-[ə-]nal´-ət-ē) n. -ties 1. national character 2. nationalism 3a. a national status; specifically, a legal relationship involving allegiance on the part of an individual and usually protection on the part of the state b. membership in a particular nation 4a. a people having a common origin, tradition, and language and capable of forming or actually consisting of a nation-state b. an ethnic group consisting of one part of a larger whole (as a nation).

nui·sance (n[y]üs´-ən[t]s) n. 1. injury, annoyance 2. an annoying, unpleasant, or obnoxious thing, person, or practice.

O

ob·sta·cle (äb´-sti-kəl, -stik-əl) n. something that stands in the way or opposes; obstruction.

of·fend (ə-fend´) v. 1a. to cause difficulty or discomfort or injury b. to cause dislike anger or vexation 2a. violate, transgress b. to cause pain to; hurt 3. to cause to feel vexed or resentful.

op·por·tu·ni·ty (äp´-ər-t[y]ü´-nət-ē) n. 1. a favorable combination of circumstances 2. a good chance for advancement or progress.

1. orig·i·nal (ə-rij´-ən-əl, -rij´-nəl) n. 1a. that from which a copy, reproduction, or translation is made b. a work composed first hand 2. a person of fresh initiative or inventive capacity.

2. orig·i·nal, adj. 1. of, relating to, or constituting a rise or beginning 2a. having spontaneous origin, fresh b. constituting that from which a copy, reproduction, or translation is made 3. in-

dependent and creative in thought or action, inventive. orig·i·nal·ly (-e) adv.

P

per·cent·age (pər-sent′-ij) n. 1. a part of a whole expressed in hundredths 2a. a share of winnings or profits b. advantage, profit 3. an indeterminate part, proportion 4a. probability b. favorable odds.

per·sist (pər-sist′, -zist′) v. -ed 1. to go on resolutely or stubbornly in spite of opposition, importunity, or warning 2. to be insistent in the repetition or pressing of a question or an opinion 3. to continue to exist.

per·suade (pər-swād′) v. -suad·ed 1. to move by argument or pleading to a belief, position, or course of action 2. to plead with, urge.

pho·no·graph (fō′-nə-graf′) n. an instrument for reproducing sounds by means of the vibration of a stylus or needle following a spiral groove on a revolving circular disk or cylinder.

1. pro·fes·sion·al (prə-fesh′-nəl, -ən-əl) adj. 1a. of, relating to, or characteristic of a profession b. engaged in one of the learned professions (as law, education, medicine, etc.) c. characterized by or conforming to the technical or ethical standards of a profession 2a. participating for gain or livelihood in an activity or field of endeavor often engaged in by amateurs b. engaged in by persons receiving financial return (as professional football) 3. following a line of conduct as though it were a profession (a professional patriot).

2. pro·fes·sion·al, n. one who engages in a pursuit or activity for monetary gain, as a profession.

pro·per (präp′-ər) adj. 1. marked by suitability, rightness or appropriateness; fit 2. referring to one individual only (as a proper noun) 3. belonging characteristically to a species or individual; peculiar 4. very good; excellent 5. strictly limited to a specified thing, place, or idea (as the city proper) 6a. strictly accurate, correct b. strictly decorous; genteel.

pro·pos·al (prə-po′-zəl) n. 1. an act of putting forward or stating something for consideration 2a. something proposed; suggestion b. offer; specifically, an offer of marriage.

Q

quar·rel (kwôr′(-ə)l, kwär′(-ə)l) v. quar·rel·ing or quar·rel·ling 1a. to find fault b. disagree 2. to contend or dispute actively; squabble.

quiz·zi·cal (kwiz′-i-kəl) adj. 1. slightly eccentric, odd 2. bantering, teasing 3. questioning, inquisitive.

R

1. ral·ly (ral′-ē) v. 1a. to muster for a common purpose b. to recall to order 2a. to arouse for action b. to rouse from depression or weakness 3. to come together again to renew an effort 4. to join in a common cause 5. recover, rebound 6. to engage in a rally.
2. ral·ly, n. 1a. a mustering of scattered forces to renew an effort b. a summoning up of strength or courage after weakness or dejection c. a recovery of price after a decline 2. a mass meeting intended to arouse group enthusiasm 3. a series of strokes interchanged between players (as in tennis) before a

point is won 4. a competative automobile run especially over public roads.

ra·vine (rə-vēn′) n. a small narrow steep-sided valley larger than a gully, smaller than a canyon, and usually worn by running water.

re·frig·er·a·tor (ri-frij′-ə-rāt -ər) n. 1. something that refrigerates or keeps cool 2a. a cabinet or room for keeping food or other items cool b. an apparatus for rapidly cooling heated liquids or vapors in a distilling process.

reg·is·ter (rej′-ə-stər) v. 1a. to make or secure official entry of in a register b. to enroll formally especially as a voter or student c. to record automatically; indicate 2. to make or adjust so as to correspond exactly 3. to secure special protection for (a piece of mail) by prepayment of a fee 4a. to enroll one's name in a register b. to enroll one's name officially as a prerequisite for voting c. to enroll formally as a student 5. to be in correct alignment or register 6. to make or convey an impression.

reg·is·tra·tion (rej′-ə-strā′-shən) n. 1. an act or the fact of registering 2. an entry in a register 3. the number of persons registered; enrollment 4. a document certifying an act of registering.

rel·a·tive (rel′-ət-iv) n. 1. a word referring grammatically to an antecedent or one who goes before 2. a thing having a relation to or connection with or necessary dependence upon another thing 3a. a person connected with another by blood or affinity b. an animal or plant related to another by common descent.

res·i·dent (rez′-əd-ənt, rez′-dənt, rez′-ə-dent) n. 1. one who resides in a place 2. a diplomatic agent residing at a foreign country or seat of government.

re·solve (ri-zälv′,-zôlv′) v. -solved 1a. to break up; separate; also, to change by disintegration b. to reduce by analysis 2a. to clear up; dispel (as to resolve all doubt) b. to find an answer to c. to find a mathematical solution of 3. to reach a decision about 4. to declare or decide by a formal resolution and vote 5. to form a resolution; determine 6. consult, deliberate.

S

San·i·ta·tion Aide (san-ə-tā′-shən ād) n. a person hired by the U. S. Government or the state to assist in the process of making and keeping good sanitary conditions in homes, on government lands, and in public places such as restaurants. He works for the promotion of hygiene and prevention of disease by helping educate people in the necessity of good hygiene, testing water, inspecting facilities, etc.

sen·si·ble (sen[t]′-sə-bəl) adj. 1a. capable of being perceived by the senses or by reason or understanding b. of a significant size, amount or degree 2. readily perceptible by the senses 3a. capable of receiving sense impressions (as sensible to pain) b. having nice perception or acute feeling; easily affected 4a. cognizant, aware; also persuaded; convinced b. emotionally aware 5. having or containing good sense or reason; reasonable.

skep·ti·cal (skep′-ti-kəl) adj. relating to, characteristic of, or marked by skepticism.

skep·ti·cism (skep′-tə-siz-əm) n. 1a. the doctrine that true knowledge or knowledge in a particular area is uncertain b. the method of suspended judgement, systematic doubt, or criticism characteristic of skeptics 2. an attitude of disposition towards doubt.

skin grafting v. the process of transferring a piece of skin from a doner area (such as the thigh or abdomen) to a place on the body denuded (as by a burn) to grow new skin.

sol·i·tar·y (säl′-ə-ter′-ē) adj. 1a. being, living, or going alone or without companions b. lonely 2. unfrequented, desolate 3. taken, passed or performed without companions (as a solitary ramble) 4. single, sole (as a solitary example) 5. occurring singly and not as a part of a group or a cluster (as the stem supported a solitary flower).

spec·i·fi·ca·tion (spes′-[ə-]fə-kā′-shən) n. 1. the act or process of specifying 2a. a detailed precise presentation of something or of a plan or proposal for something - usually used in plural b. a written description of an invention for which a patent is sought.

spec·i·fy (spes′-ə-fī′) v. 1. to name or state explicitly or in detail 2. to include as an item in a specification.

spin (spin) v. spun (spən) spin·ning 1. to form a thread by pushing out a thick, rapidly hardening fluid - used of a spider or insect 2a. to revolve rapidly; gyrate b. to be in a whirl; reel 3. to move swiftly on wheels or in a vehicle 4a. to draw out and twist fiber into yarns or threads b. to produce by drawing out and twisting a fibrous material 5. to form (as a web or cocoon by spinning 6a. to draw out slowly; protract b. to evolve, express or fabricate by processes of mind or imagination (as to spin a yarn) 7. to cause to whirl; twirl 8. to throw off by or as if by centrifugal force.

stroll·er (strō′-lər) n. a carriage designed as a chair in which a baby may be pushed.

sub·scrip·tion (səb-skrip′-shən) n. 1a. the acceptance as shown by the signing of one's name b. the act of signing one's name 2. something that is subscribed: as (a) an autograph signature; also, a paper to which a signature is attached (b) a sum subscribed (c) a purchase by signed order.

suit·able (süt′-ə-bəl) adj. 1. matching, similar 2a. adapted to a use or purpose; fit b. satisfying propriety; proper c. able, qualified.

sul·phur or sul·fur (sul′-fər) n. 1. a nonmetallic element that occurs either free or combined, especially in sulfides and sulfates, is made up of proteins, exists in several forms, including yellow ortho-rhombic crystals, resembles oxygen chemically but is less active and more acidic, and is used especially in the chemical and paper industries, in rubber vulcanization, and in medicines for treating skin diseases.

su·mac or su·mach (s[h]ü′-mak) n. 1. any of a genus of shrubs, trees and woody vines, with male and female plants, one-seeded fruits, and in some cases foliage poisonous to the touch 2. a material used in tanning and dying that consists of dried powdered leaves and flowers of various sumacs.

1. su·pe·ri·or (sü-pir′-ē-ər) adj. 1. situated higher up; upper 2. of higher rank, quality, or importance 3. courageously or serenly indifferent (as to something painful, disheartening or demoraliz-

ing 4a. greater in quantity or numbers b. excellent of its kind; better 5. affecting or assuming an air of superiority; supercilious.

2. su·pe·ri·or, n. 1. one who is above another in rank, station or office; especially the head of a religious house or order 2. one that surpasses another in quality or merit.

su·per·vi·sor (sü′-pər-vī-zər) n. an administrative officer in charge of any of various business, government, or school units or operations.

sur·vi·vor (sər-vī′-vər) n. 1. one who remains alive or in existence; lives on 2a. one who lives longer than b. one who continues to live after (as a time or event).

T

1. ta·boo or ta·bu (tə-bü′, ta-) adj. 1. set apart as charged with a dangerous supernatural power and forbidden to profane use or contact 2. banned on grounds of morality or taste or as constituting a risk.

2. ta·boo or ta·bu, n. 1. a prohibition instituted for the protection of a cultural group against supernatural reprisal 2. a prohibition imposed by social usage or as a protective measure 3. belief in or observance of taboos.

tech·ni·cian (tek-nish′-ən) n. 1. a specialist in the technical details of a subject or occupation 2. one who has acquired the technique of an art or other area of specialization.

tense (ten[t]s) adj. 1. stretched tight; made taut; rigid 2a. feeling or showing nervous tension; high-strung, jittery b. marked by strain or suspense. tense-ly adv.

1. teth·er (teth′-ər) n. 1. something (as a rope or chain) by which an animal is fastened so that it can range only within a set radius 2. the limit of one's strength or resources.

2. teth·er, v., tethered: to fasten or restrain by or as if by a tether.

tier (ti′(ə)r) n., pl. tiers. a row, rank, or layer of articles, especially one of two or more rows arranged one above another.

trans·late (trans-lāt′, tranz-, trans′-lat, tranz′-) v. 1. to turn (something written or spoken) from one language into another (as to translate English books into Spanish) 2. to change the form, condition, nature, etc. of; transform, convert 3. to explain in terms that can be more easily understood; interpret.

trench (trench) n. a long cut in the ground or a similar depression in an ocean floor.

U

un·der·nour·ished (un′-dər-nėr-′isht) adj. supplied with less than the minimum amount of the foods necessary for sound health and growth.

V

(None)

W

warp (wȯrp) n. 1a. a series of yarns extended lengthwise in a loom and crossed by the woof.

warp v. to arrange yarns so as to form a warp.

woof (wu̇f, wüf) n. 1a. a filling thread or yarn in weaving b. woven fabric; also the texture of such a fabric 2. a basic or essential element or material.

writhe (rīth) v. writh-ing (-iŋ) 1a. to twist into coils or folds b. to twist so as to distort: wrench c. to twist (the body or a bodily part) in pain 2. to move or proceed with twists and turns 3. to become twisted in or as if in pain or struggling 4. to suffer keenly from torment.

X

(None)

Y

(None)

Z

(None)

GLOSSARY OF NAVAJO WORDS

(For pronunciation key, see Teacher's Edition)

1. bá'ólta'í -- teacher
2. bicheii -- his grandfather (maternal); also his grandson (daughter's son)
3. bi'disziih -- he who turned up missing
4. bilagáana -- white man (men); non-Indians
5. Cháala -- Navajo word for Charlie
6. chidí -- car
7. dibéntsaa -- big sheep (sacred mt. of the Navajo to the North - La Plata Mts.)
8. Diné -- People
9. Dinétah -- Navajoland
10. dook'o'oosłííd -- (sacred mt. of the Navajo to the west - San Francisco Peaks) Translation has been lost.
11. dóone'é -- clan or clans
12. ginítsoh -- large hawks
13. hataałii -- a singer; medicine man
14. hataałii bicheii -- the singer, his grandson
15. hataałii bitsi' -- daughter of the singer
16. hogan or hooghan -- Navajo home, usually octagon shaped
17. hastiin -- sir; mister
18. hózhǫ́jí -- Blessingway (religious ceremony)
19. nihighan -- our home
20. nihik'is -- our friend
21. nik'is -- your friend
22. nínaaí -- your older brother

23. nitsilí -- your younger brother

24. shicheii -- my grandfather (mother's father); also my grandson (daughter's son)

25. shádí -- my older sister

26. shich'é'é -- my daughter (mother speaking)

27. shidá'í -- my brother's son - nephew; also my mother's brother-uncle

28. shideezhí -- my younger sister

29. shidibé -- my sheep

30. shik'éí bitsi' -- daughter of my clansman

31. shik'is or sik'is -- my friend

32. shimá -- my mother

33. shimá sání -- my grandmother (mother's mother)

34. shínaaí -- my older brother

35. shinálí -- my grandmother; or my grandfather (father's parents)

36. shitsi' -- my daughter (father speaking)

37. shitsilí -- my younger brother

38. shiyáázh -- my son (mother speaking)

39. shiye' -- my son (father speaking)

40. shizeedí -- my cousin

41. shizhé'é -- my father

42. shizhé'é yázhí -- my uncle -- little father

43. sisnaajiní -- (sacred mountain of the Navajo to the east - Sierra Blanca) Translation has been lost

44. tsoodził -- tongue mountain (sacred mountain of the Navajo to the south - Mt. Taylor)

45. yáago -- (you) down (command)

46. yá'át'ééh -- hello; hi

47. yé'ii -- gods

The Sound System of Navajo

VOWELS:

The vowels have continental values. They are as follows, the first example being a Navajo word, the second the closest approximation to that sound in English.

Examples:

a	gad (juniper)	father
e	'e'e'aah (west)	met
i	sis (belt)	sit
o	hosh (cactus)	note

Vowels may be either long or short in duration, the long duration vowel being indicated by a doubling of the letter. This affects the quality of the vowels "e" and "i": "ee" gives a sound similar to the "a" sound in the English word "ate" - "ii" is rendered as the "ee" in the English word "see". The quality of the vowels "a" and "o" remain unchanged when they are long in duration.

Examples:

sis (belt)	the vowel is short
siziiz (my belt)	the second vowel sound is is of long duration

Vowels with a hook "ą" beneath the letters are nasalized. This means that some of the breath passes through the nose when sound is produced. All vowels following "n" are nasalized though not marked.

Examples:

bizęęs (his, her wart)

'áshįįh (salt)

tsinaabąąs (wagon)

bįįh (deer)

A little mark above the letter "ó", indicates that the voice rises on that letter.

Examples:

ni (you)	ní (he says)
'azee' (medicine)	'azéé' (mouth)
nilį (he is)	nílį (you are)
doo (not)	dóó (and)

When only the first element of a long vowel has a mark above it the tone falls. If only the last element is marked the tone rises.

Examples:

a	(short, low) as a in father
á	(short, high)
ą	(short, low, nasal)
ą́	(short, high, nasal)
aa	(long, low)
áá	(long, high)

áa	(long, falling)
aá	(long, rising)
ąą	(long, low, nasal)
ą́ą́	(long, high, nasal)
ą́ą	(long, falling, nasal)
ąą́	(long, rising, nasal)
e	(short, low) as e in met
é	(short, high)
ę	(short, low, nasal)
ę́	(short, high, nasal)
ee	(long, low) as a in ate
éé	(long, high)
ée	(long, falling)
eé	(long, rising)
ęę	(long, low, nasal)
ę́ę́	(long, high, nasal)
ę́ę	(long, falling, nasal)
ęę́	(long, rising, nasal)
i	(short, low) as i in sit
í	(short, high)

į	(short, low, nasal)
į́	(short, high, nasal)
ii	(long, low) as ee in see
íí	(long, high)
íi	(long, falling)
ií	(long, rising)
įį	(long, low, nasal)
į́į́	(long, high, nasal)
į́į	(long, falling, nasal)
įį́	(long, rising, nasal)
o	(short, low) as o in note
ó	(short, high)
ǫ	(short, low, nasal)
ǫ́	(short, high, nasal)
oo	(long, low)
óó	(long, high)
óo	(long, falling)
oó	(long, rising)
ǫǫ	(long, low, nasal)
ǫ́ǫ́	(long, high, nasal)

ǫ́ǫ (long, falling, nasal)

ǫǫ́ (long, rising, nasal)

DIPHTHONGS:

The diphthongs are as follows:

ai	hai (winter)
aai	ahínaaí (my elder brother)
ao	daolyé (they are called)
aoo	'aoo' (yes)
ei	'ei (that one)
eii	'ádaat'éii (that which one)
oi	deesdoi (it is warm, weather)
ooi	Tséhootsooí (Ft. Defiance, Arizona)

CONSONANTS:

"'" is the most common consonantal sound in Navajo. It is called a glottal stop. It sounds like the hiatus between the two elements of the English exclamation oh!oh! and hunh unh. In actual speech the difference between Johnnie yearns and Johnnie earns is that the latter has a glottal closure between the two words.

Examples:

'	ha'a'aah (east)
'	'a'áán (a hole in the ground)
'	'abe' (milk)

'	yá'át'ééh (it is good)
b	bááh (bread) like p in spot
ch	chizh (firewood) like ch in church
ch'	ch'ah (hat, cap)
d	dibé (sheep) like t in stop
dl	dlǫ́ǫ́' (prairie dog) something like gl in glow
dz	dził (mountains)
g	gah (rabbit) like k in sky
gh	'aghaa' (wool)
h	háadi (where) *
hw	hwíídéeltǫ' (slippery place) like wh in when
j	jádí (antelope) like j in jug
k	ké (shoes) like k in kitten
k'	k'aa' (arrow)
kw	kwe'é (right here) like qu in quick
l	lájish (gloves) like l in late
ł	łid (smoke) like th in athlete
m	mósí (cat) like m in most
n	naadą́ą́' (corn) like n in new
s	sin (song) like s in song

sh	shash (bear) like sh in she
t	tin (ice)
t'	t'eesh (charcoal)
tł	tłah (salve, ointment)
tł'	tł'ízí (goat)
ts	tsah (needle) like ts in hats
ts'	ts'ah (sagebrush)
w	Wááshindoon (Washington) like w in Washington
x	yiyiisxį́ (he killed him) *
y	yá (sky) like y in yellow
z	zas (snow) like z in zebra
zh	bizhi' (his name) like s in pleasure

---

* h-- represents the sound of ch in German ich, as well as that of h in the English word have. Ordinarily, both of the sounds are written h, but when h follows s it is necessary to distinguish the resulting sh sequence from the digraph sh. This is accomplished by substitution of x for the h. Thus: yiyiisxí (he killed him) for yiyiishį́. X is also employed to distinguish between such forms as łitso and łitsxo, the latter being more strongly aspirated than the former.

SUGGESTED RELATED ACTIVITIES

I. Field Trips

1. Ganado and Hubbell Trading Post
2. Chaco Canyon (see description)
3. Window Rock and Ft. Defiance
4. Ft. Wingate
5. Canyon de Chelly
6. Rough Rock or Navajo Community College
7. Bread Springs Area and School

II. Research Projects

1. Rug weaving
2. Basic cultural beliefs
3. Area ruins
4. Silversmithing
5. Different stories of man's beginning from different cultures and religions
6. Blessingway and other Navajo songs

III. The Arts

1. Murals
2. Creative Writing
    - (a) Poetry
    - (b) Prose
    - (c) Plays
3. Music
    - (a) Learn Indian dances
    - (b) Learn Indian songs

    - (c) Learn to beat drum
4. Indian Art - Navajo
    - (a) Study designs and paintings
    - (b) Study sand paintings and their meanings
    - (c) Myths and their pictures
5. Puppets and paper maché figures for use in dramatizing stories
6. Construct different types of homes - hogan, pueblo, etc.

IV. Indian Games and Music

V. Reading

1. Stories of great Indian leaders
2. Myths and legends
3. History
4. Stories

Keep books concerning Indians on one shelf in room and encourage children to read them and perhaps to dramatize them.

Chaco Canyon*

Chaco Canyon National Monument is located in northwestern New Mexico. To reach the monument from the south, turn north on New Mexico 56 from U. S. 66 at Thoreau and proceed for 64 miles to the south entrance of the monument. New Mexico 56 is unpaved between Crownpoint and Chaco Canyon. This dirt road can be difficult when wet.

Representatives of large groups should write or telephone in advance to request a conducted tour through Pueblo Bonito. It would be very beneficial to the teacher if she could obtain the booklet "Pueblo Bonito" in advance. This booklet is provided as a means for better understanding the features you will see. This guide booklet is available at the Visitor Center.

No lodging, gasoline, repair services, or food are available at the monument. On weekdays, a limited assortment of staples can usually be procured at nearby trading posts.

Pueblo Bonito is located 4 miles west of the Visitor Center. Pueblo Bonito is the largest ruin, built to a height of five stories on about 3 acres and was once capable of housing as many as 1,200 persons in about 800 rooms.

A self-guiding trail through the Pueblo Bonito ruins is provided. Booklets, keyed to points of special interest along these trails, are available at the information stations at Pueblo Bonito. Walking time for the trail is about one hour.

The stones in the wall are carefully fitted together and held in place with mud mortar. The small square openings about waist level were used for admitting light and fresh air into the rooms. The circular holes about head high are sockets for beam poles which once supported the ceiling of the room just inside the pueblo.

The extreme thickness of the wall provides strength to support multiple-storied construction. As walls grew higher and had less weight to carry, they were made thinner.

The small circular rooms are known as kivas. A kiva was used by special groups as a ceremonial center, council room, club house, and for other functions, but never as living quarters.

The doorways were made small to keep rooms warm and assure a strong wall above. The Indians covered their doorways with a sandstone slab or blind made of reeds or peeled willows.

Mentioned herewith are only a few of the features to look for. They are written out in more detail in "Pueblo Bonito".

*Most of the information was obtained from a booklet, "Pueblo Bonito", and a brochure, "Chaco Canyon".

Navajo Games

1. Footrace - The fastest runner between two points, wins.

2. Guessing Game - The object of this game is to guess what is in a row of water baskets.

3. Game With Stones - This game is set up as a relay. The stone is placed on the foot of the first team member and kicked toward the next team member. He in turn must place it on his foot at the place where it lands and kick it on, until the stone goes to or beyond the finish line.

4. "Push on the Wood" - Contestants try to push over upright posts buried shallowly in the ground.

5. "Chicken Pull" - Originally, a live chicken was buried in the sand up to its neck. Now, the "chicken" is usually a gunny sack filled with dirt and buried up to the neck. Each rider on horseback tries to pull out the bag by rotating around the bag on his horse. The one who pulls the bag out of the ground is declared the winner.

6. "Ball Games" - The ball is hit so that it will fall beyond a certain line. The ball is kicked to fall beyond a certain line. A ball is thrown or kicked through a hole in the wall.

7. Horse racing at a squaw dance - Two riders at a time. Winner is usually rewarded with jewelry. (Gambling went along with this.)

8. Squaw Dance - The man is suppose to pay the girl he dances with. The girl will grab his hat if he doesn't pay. The hat is

given to the girl's mother. The man has to pay 10¢ or 15¢ to get his hat back.

9. "A Walking Horse" - (This game usually takes place at the squaw dance.) A rider is beyond a certain line. The people will bet on which front leg (left or right) will cross the line first. Rider must look up - he must not look down at the horse.

10. "Hoop Game" - A hoop is made from braided yucca leaves. It's braided about 2" wide. The player must be able to put a stick through the braided yucca hoop, as the hoop is rolling, and see how long he can keep it rolling.

11. "Pebbles and Staves" - This game is played with 7 wooden staves or sticks and 7 players. The staves are black on one side and gray or white on the other side. Forty pebbles are laid out in a circle with a space left in each of the four directions - north, south, east and west. A stone is placed in the center of the circle of pebbles. A player holds all 7 staves and throws them on the center stone. The player scores 2 points for each stave that falls with the black side up. The player then counts off as many pebbles as his score. He begins counting from the east going clockwise, putting his wooden stave by that pebble. If two people get the same score then the first person has to start over. The person who completes the circle first is declared the winner.

Navajo Records

1. Navajo - Songs of the Diné
(Canyon) ARP-6055

Round Dance
The Train to Gallup
I Want to Put My Arms Around Your Neck
Sonnie, I'm Leaving You
The Old Glory Raising on Iwo Jima
Let's Hope for Love
Riding Songs
Rhythm Squaw Dance Song
Do Not Forsake Me
Navajo Hoop Dance
Goat Song
Sun Dance Song
Grinding Song
Yeibechai (sic) Chant

2. Navajo Skip Dance and Two-Step Songs
(Indian House) IH-1503
Box 472, Taos, New Mexico 87571

3. Traditional Navajo Songs
(Canyon) ARP-6064

Squaw's Pole Dance Song
I Didn't Care
Circle Dance Songs
Navajo Love Song

Competition Song
Old Time Squaw Dance Song
Natay's Hoop Dance Song
I'll Take You Back to Arizona
Gift Dance Song
Two-Step Song
Shoes Game Song
Let's Go Together
Goodnight Song

4. Navajo Sway Songs
(Indian House) IH-1501
Box 472, Taos, New Mexico 87571

5. Peyote Songs
(Canyon) ARP-6054

6. Ed Lee Natay - Memories of Navajoland
(Canyon) ARP-6057

Memories of Navajoland
Riding in the Morning
Navajo Serenade Song
Traveling on Horseback
Atsate
Navajo Baby Dance Song
Navajo Gift Song
Round Dance
Going Home Song
Final Social Dance
I've Gone Ahead to Better Life

7. Natay- Navajo Singer
   Arizona Recording Production

   Sacred Mask Dance
   Navajo Squaw Dance

8. The Song of the Indian
   (Canyon) C-6050

   Navajo Ye-Be-Chai (sic) Chant

9. Indian Songs of the Southwest
   (Thunderbird Records)

   Navajo Horse Riding Song
   Navajo Yeibechai (sic) Chant
   Navajo Fire Dance Song

10. She Doesn't Love Me
    I'll Take You Back to Arizona
    (Canyon) ARP-181b Reg Begay

11. Kaiboh
    (Canyon) Kay Bennette

12. Navajo Happy Song
    Silver Burdett (1956) Book 5
    Music in Our Country - page 191

13. Navajo Songs and Stories for Young Children
    Produced by

    The Southwestern Cooperative
    Education Laboratory
    117 Richmond Dr., N.E.
    Albuquerque, New Mexico

Craft Ideas

1. Wax Paper Place Mats - Use two sheets of 17" long, heavy wax paper per mat. Indian designs can be drawn and crayoned on white typing paper and inserted between the two sheets. Press with hot iron and it will appear as a single sheet. (Place wax papers between sheets of newspaper when doing the ironing.)

2. X-Ray Film - Obtained from hospital free. Soak film overnight in hot, strong soap suds. It makes an inexpensive, attractive material for baskets, boxes, ornaments, etc.

3. Burlap - Paint on burlap with undiluted tempera for place mats and doilies.

4. Box Sculpture - Assortment of cardboard, wooden or metal containers lend themselves to the construction of animals, figures, etc.

5. Clay Modeling

6. Toothpick Sculpture -

   Materials - household cement and toothpicks

   Procedure - Glue toothpicks together to form various 3-D structures. (Colored paper areas may be added for color and design.)

7. Chalk or Crayon on Sandpaper -

   Materials - colored chalk or crayons - rough sandpaper

Procedure - Draw directly on the sandpaper with the chalk or crayon

8. Pipe Cleaner Figures - (This may also be used with dioramas.)

9. Paper Weaving - Cut slits in the paper - leave a border. Cut strips of colored paper or magazines, etc. Weave strips through slits. May use paste to hold strips in place.

10. Sculpture From Natural Objects - stones, seeds, pine cones, driftwood, etc.

11. Reconstruction of a Field Trip - (Ex. - field trip to an airport.)

12. Map of Navajo Reservation - salt and H2O (Study of topography.)

13. Construct Minature Hogans

14. Construct a Minature Loom

15. Construct a Little Community - (work in small groups.) Community may include -
    Church
    Chapter House
    Laundromat
    Police Station
    School

16. Make a model of a windmill - (This goes with chapter - "The Washing Machine".)

17. Construct a sweat house - Science - evaporation and condensation, (pouring water on hot rocks.)

18. Construct a Dam - (conservation)

19. Construct a forest with sticks and pieces of sponge painted or dyed green.

20. Make large mural at end of each chapter. Mural parts could be put together for continued study.

21. Flour and Salt Beads -

    Materials - 2 parts table salt, 1 part flour

    Procedure - Mix the salt and flour and water to a dough-like consistency. If color is desired add dry pigment or food coloring. Break off small pieces and form into beads. Pierce each with a toothpick and allow to dry, then string.

Crafts

I. Collage

Materials of all kinds are admissable to the picture. Painted and drawn passages may be combined with scrap materials to create desired effect.

Supplies:

1. Piece of cardboard of size desired for picture.
2. Collection of items, most of which normally might be discarded

   small scrapes of cloth of all kinds
   paper of various kinds
   bits of weeds and other plants, bark, etc.
   toothpicks
   beans
   string
   bottle caps
   buttons
   sand
   pebbles
   soda straws
   yarn

   Use only items which will adhere to cardboard.

Procedure:

1. Arrange items into a design or picture.
2. Paste or glue on cardboard background.
3. Other details can be added with crayons or paints.

Paper Bag Masks

Supplies:

1. Paper bag (white or brown) large enough to slip over child's head.
2. Scissors
3. Rubber cement, paste or glue, (or stapler)
4. Water colors, tempera paint.
5. Materials for decorating masks.

6. Paint brush and containers for water.

Procedure:

1. Slip bag over child's head - bottom of bag will be top of mask.
2. Locate eyes and mark. Remove bag and cut out for nose and eyes. Add nose, mouth and ears (if needed).
3. Decorate bag with any media or materials.

III. Paper Bag Puppet Head

Supplies:

1. Paper bag
2. Newspapers
3. Wooden stick or dowel
4. String
5. Colored paper and scissors
6. Paints or crayons
7. Paste or glue

Prodecure:

1. Fill bag with small pieces of torn paper.
2. Stick should be inserted in open end of the bag, and until it touches bottom of bag. Gather open end of bag around the stick, and tie string tightly to form a neck. Make sure the stick extends far enough out of the bag to make a handle.
3. The features of the face can be added with paint, crayons, or pieces of colored paper or other materials cut to shape.

IV. Paper-Maché Bowls

Supplies:

1. Newspapers, paper towling or any absorbent paper.
2. Scissors or paper cutter
3. Paste thinned to the consistency of cream (wheat paste, library paste).
4. Container for mixing paste.
5. A smooth bowl to be used as a mold. Bowl should have a small base and a wide mouth with no undercuts.
6. Vaseline, grease, or cream
7. Sandpaper
8. Paint (tempera, enamel, oil paints, water color or other.)
9. Brushes
10. Clear plastic spray, shellac or varnish for protective finish if tempera paint is used.
11. Asphaltum or gesso to waterproof bowl.

Procedure:

1. Cover outside of bowl with a film of cream, vaseline or grease.
2. Place bowl upside down on newspaper or cardboard.
3. Cut newspaper or paper toweling into strips, approximately one-half inch wide.
4. Mix paste in a bowl or pan to consistancy of cream.
5. Place strip into paste until it is saturated. Remove strip from bowl - wipe off excess paste by pulling it between fingers.

6. Apply strip directly to oiled surface of bowl. One or two layers of strips of barely wet paper applied directly to bowl before applying paste strips will serve same purpose as greasing bowl.
7. Continue to apply strips until bowl is covered. Repeat until at least six layers of paper strips are applied. The strength of the bowl will be greater if each strip is applied in a different direction. Make sure that all wrinkles and bubbles are removed after each strip is added.
8. Allow paper-maché to dry thoroughly before removing bowl.
9. Trim edges of bowl and apply additional strips to strengthen and smooth edges.
10. When thoroughly dry, sand paper surface until smooth, then decorate.
11. If tempera paint is used for decoration, the surface should be sprayed with clear plastic or painted with shellac or varnished.
12. Asphaltum painted on inside of bowl will waterproof the container.

Paper-maché can also be used over wire frames, paper-folded forms, bottles or light bulbs to make animals, people, houses, masks, etc.

V. Shadow Boxes

Supplies:

1. Cardboard box (shoe, hat or other box)
2. Scissors

3. Rubber cement, paste, glue or stapler
4. Tempera paint, water colors, crayons, colored chalk
5. Paint brush and water jar or can
6. Assorted paper
7. Variety of materials to be used for decorative purposes or to carry out one's ideas

   dried coffee beans or grounds
   salt and flour mixture
   felt
   yarn
   twigs
   buttons
   cloth
   ribbon
   clay
   pebbles

   Use those materials necessary to carry out subject of shadow box.

Procedure:

Procedure will vary, depending upon type of shadow box to be made. Scenes from stories, poems, or songs may be depicted in shadow box. Make believe aquariums (suspend fish from string and use colored cellophane over the face of the box to give illusion of water).

1. Design background for picture. Various techniques may be used: potato printing, chalk stenciling, finger painting, water color, etc.
2. Many methods are available for making trees, houses, barns, figures, etc. Cleansing tissue can be modeled into foliage for trees. Tint it with colored inks or tempera paint. Twigs, match sticks, paper cylinders can serve as tree trunks. Bits of sponge also make suitable foliage. One may also use paper sculpture,

Houses, etc., can be made from tiny boxes, etc. Figures can be made from pipe cleaners, paper-maché, clothes pins, etc.

Art

I. Sand or Nature Painting

This project entails gathering different colored clay or soil. In this area or elsewhere, may be found, pinks, browns, whites, some green and in other areas blue, lilac, red, yellow, lavender, etc. It is advisable, if interested, to carry boxes or brown paper bags and a shovel in back of car. When colored clay is found (usually along road banks) place each color clay in a separate bag. When enough colors have been obtained then proceed to next step.

Supplies:

1. Brush
2. Muffin pan
3. White Karo
4. One large flat rock and one smaller rock to use in hand to break up clods in clay.
5. Newspapers
6. Jars with lids
7. A piece of screen #20 size 6'' by 6''

Procedure:

1. Place newspaper under large rock.
2. Place small amount of clay on rock and rub with smaller stone. When all clods are smoothed out, brush clay on paper.
3. Place screen over jar and pour clay thereon. Sift slowly - only the finest powder will sift through. When jar is full select another color and fill another jar by same process.

When jars are full set aside.

Mixing Paint

Into each muffin tin place small amount of clay powder. Mix with teaspoon mucilage, teaspoon of honey and enough water to make paste to be usable for painting, or use white Karo in place of honey.

When clays are mixed, use brushes to paint as with other paints. Allow them to dry thoroughly before touching.

II. Graph Paper Designs

Supplies:

1. ¼ inch manila graph paper
2. Box of #64 crayolas (100 crayons)

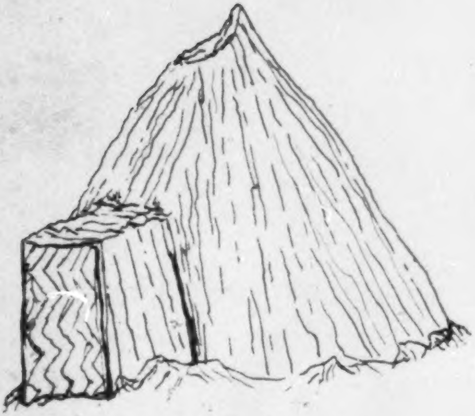
Procedure:

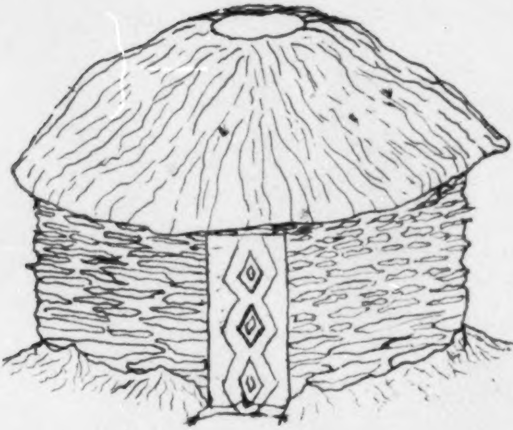
1. Count squares on each side and end of graph paper. There must be an uneven number both ways.
2. Locate exact center square and place small dot therein.
3. Locate center square on both sides and both ends and place very small dot therein.
4. These measurements will serve as design guides.
5. Do not use pencil except for small dots.
6. Begin at center and mark outward designing as you go. Both ends must be the same as well as both sides - same design and same colors.
7. Study crayons and crayon families and blends. A dark and a light color or blending colors work out best.
8. At first choose colors for children - only using 4 -

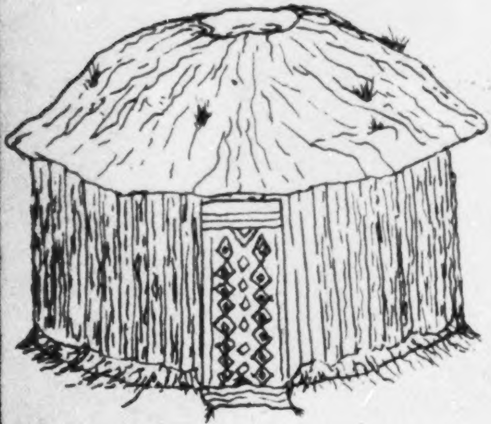
   Example: dark brown light brown
   yellow turquoise
   or blending shades of red and pink

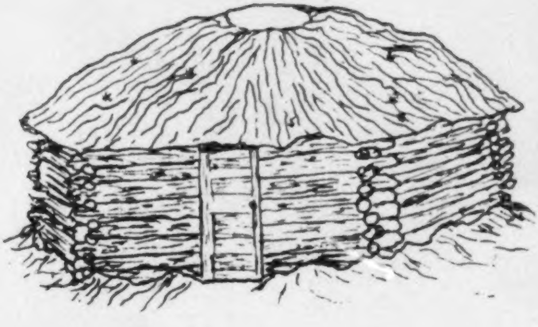
9. Do not allow children to mix colors carelessly. They will use all they have and turn out nothing.
10. Color must be put on very heavily and whole square must be covered. Design must be all over (no unpainted squares showing).
11. Children must learn, so expect to have some paper wasted.

This project is useful in arithmetic and as a science project for the study of color and where it comes from.









Beatrice Cowdrey